

THE LITERARY CHRONICLE

And Weekly Review;

Forming an Analysis and General Repository of Literature, Philosophy, Science, Arts, History, Biography, Antiquities, Morals, Manners, the Drama, and Amusements.

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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Supplemental Volume to the Works of Alexander Pope, Esq., printed from the Original Manuscripts; containing a considerable Addition to his Private Correspondence. The whole accompanied by Notes, Explanatory, Biographical, and Literary. 8vo. pp. 195. London, 1825. Hearne.

WHILE Mr. Bowles has been labouring most industriously to hunt out peccadillos in the moral character of Pope, which a Byron and a Roscoe have so well defended, another gentleman has been more profitably employed in collecting those scattered fragments of his correspondence which had hitherto eluded the research of all previous inquirers on the subject, however industrious they might have been,—and we by no means deny them that merit, whatever other claim they may make.

There is, perhaps, no portion of a man's writings which so accurately displays his real character as his correspondence with his friends: as an author, he may disguise opinions, suppress feelings, and conceal defects; but in his letters he throws himself on his friends, and appears what he really is, not what he may pretend to be. The epistolary correspondence of a man brings us home to his fireside, and exhibits him as little under restraint of mind as he is of body in his dressing-gown and slippers. We were never more struck with the contrast between the general character of an individual, as manifested in his works and actions, and in his correspondence, than in the case of the letters of the witty Earl of Rochester. In the former he appeared nothing but the voluntary libertine both in mind and habit, and yet his letters to his wife and son showed that he was a kind husband and an affectionate father, and that he was rather led into irregularities by his associates, than indulging in them of his own free will. But we are straying from the volume to which our attention ought to be directed.

The public is by no means unacquainted with the epistolary correspondence of Pope, of which much has been published—sufficient indeed not to fatigue the reader, but to make him anxious to lose nothing that can throw a light on the character, mind, and heart of one of the first of British poets. The real character of an author, we repeat, is not always to be found in his writings, and we cannot, as the editor of this volume observes, correctly draw our inferences of the poet's heart from the ingenuities of his head—hence the value of the private letters of men in determining their character.

The letters now given to the public are, we

believe, gleaned from the manuscripts in the British Museum and other places: they are printed with great correctness (which is more than can be said of the former correspondence of Pope) and with strict attention to the orthography. In these letters, and the ingenious notes by which they are accompanied, many circumstances, hitherto unknown, concerning literary characters, are pointed out; several errors, previously relied on as truths by the highest authorities, are corrected; and some secret traits of biography are elicited, which throw important lights upon that material branch of literary knowledge and national inquiry.

The work divides itself into five parts: the first consists of letters from Rowe, Steele, Gay, Arbuthnot, Jervas, &c.; the second of letters between Pope and Lords Bolingbroke, Bath, Harcourt, Peterborough, Bathurst, &c.; the third, letters relating to Pope's translation of Homer, from various literary men; the fourth, letters from the Blount family, with a member of which Mr. Bowles is so anxious to connect Pope; the fifth, miscellaneous letters from and to Pope; and, lastly, some fragments of poetry. The editor, who, we understand, is a very young man, but of a family decidedly literary, appears to be most intimately acquainted with Pope and his times, and his notes are really both curious and valuable. Pope sometimes wrote memoranda on the letters of his friends: thus, on a letter from Sir Richard Steele, in which he says he has no right to the honour done to his essay (on Criticism), but will introduce him to the author, Pope has written a remark, that Addison was the author. With these observations, which some of our readers will, perhaps, think might have been more limited, we proceed to quote a few extracts from the work before us. The first letter is from Nicholas Rowe to Pope:—

'To Mr. Pope, att Mr. Jervas's, in Cleaveland Court by St. James's House, or 13, att Button's Coffee House, in Covent Garden. Thursday, Aug. 20th, 1713.'

'DEAR SIR,—I don't know that I have a long time received a billet with greater pleasure than your's. Depend upon it, nothing could have been more agreeable but yourself. To do something then that is perfectly kind, come and eat a bit of mutton with me to-morrow at Stockwell. Bring whom you will along with you, tho' I can give you nothing but the aforesaid mutton, and a cup of ale. It is but a little mile from Fox-hall, and you don't know how much you will oblige your most affectionate and faithful

'humble servant,

'N. Rowe.'

The next letter is from Sir Godfrey Kneller

to Pope; it contains nothing remarkable in itself, but it is rendered so by Pope's additions:—

'DEAR FRIEND,—I find them pictures are so very fresh, being painted in three collers, and ought to be near a fier severall days; for as they are, it is impracticable to put them where you intend 'em. It would be pitty they should take dust. Jenny stays here 8 or 10 days, and will not fail of sending them when redly, and I am (giving my humble and hearty service to your dear mother)

' [Dear Mr. Pope],
'Your most sincere,
'[and in reality humble]
'[and faithful] servant,
'G. KNELLER.'*

The letters to and from the nobility show how sensible the latter were of the merits of Pope, and with what familiarity he and they treated each other. The following, from the social Allen Lord Bathurst, displays a mixture of good breeding and true friendship:—

'To Alexander Pope, Esq.'

'Sr.—I will not fail to attend Mrs. Howard upon Marble Hill next tuesday, but Lady Bathurst is not able to come at this time, wch is no small mortification to her. I hope I shall perswade John Gay & y^e to come hither to me, for I really think such a wintry sumer as this shoud be past altogether in Society by a Chimney-corner, but I believe I shoud not lie if I assured y^e y^e I woud quit y^e finest walk on y^e finest day in y^e finest Garden, to have y^r Company at any time. this is saying a great deal more than is comonly understood by one.

*'I am,
'Y^r most faithfull
'humble servt.
'BATHURST.'*

The letter from Lord Strafford is no less friendly, although Swift said his lordship was 'proud as hell':—

'—the difference will be very conspicuous between a man favour'd with many advantageous court employments & one turned out of all.

'One valuable thing I hope I shall preserve, which is the happines of your friendship & esteem, the continuation of wch is much desired

*'by Sir,
'Your most sincere
'humble Servant,
'STRAFFORD.'*

' Those parts in brackets are written by Pope, and seem to be meant as a joke upon the painter-knight's epistolary elegance. This letter has been printed before, but without Pope's additions, which are certainly worth preserving.'*

The next letter, and it is a very interesting one, is from—

'Pope to Lord B. Lingbroke.

'My dear lord, Sept. 3, 1740.

'Your every word is kind to me, and all the openings of your mind amiable. Your communicating any of your sentiments both makes me a happier and a better man: there is so true a fund of all virtue, public and social, within you—I mean so right a sense of things as we stand related to each other by the laws of God, and indebted to each other in conformity to those laws, that I hope no particular calamity can swallow up your care and concern for the general. Indeed the loss of Sir Wm Wyndham must have been felt more deeply as a particular, by you than by any other; and I see nothing so moral, nothing so edifying, as your not deserting the common cause of your country at this juncture. No man has less obligation to her, no man feels a stronger than yourself.

'Your resolution to return to her if she wants to be saved, and will or can be saved, is by far a more distinguished one, than any of her sons can pretend. And every one who knows either her condition or your ability (and more than your ability—your sense of duty and honour) must rest his chief hope upon it. Lord Marchmont does it as the ultimate resource, as he holds no language but that of his heart, and unless you animate him to act by that hope, will drop all thought of action; no other has the least influence, and all his friends' entreaties have been tried in vain to draw him from Scotland for the winter to come. Lord Chesterfield despairs as much, but resolves to act. He and Lytleton think alike, and act the best part, that I believe ever was acted, in their conduct and counsels to their master.

'But still I will say, be others as honest as they will, they cannot be so generous as you. They must, if good counsels prevail, reap. You will not reap; and may expect to see those fruits of which you can see the blossoms only. The monks and ascetics tell us, we are not attained to perfection, till we serve God for his sake only, not our own, not even for the hope of Heaven. You really would serve men in this manner, and many whom you have no obligations to love, and who have done their best to ruin you, all in their turns.

'It must, therefore, be called by its true name, not so much love to your country as to God. It is not patriotism, but downright piety, and instead of celebrating you as a poet should, I would (if I were Pope) canonize you, whatever all the advocates for the devil could say to the contrary.

'But I hope the time for that is not near, and that your reward in the next life (which I am satisfied must be the sole motive of such a conduct) will be deferred, at least during my own time. There is at present nothing I desire so much to hear, as that your bilious fever is quite removed, the repeated attacks of which have given me an alarm greater, I assure you, than almost any worldly event could give me, who daily find myself passing into a state of indifference, out of which I would wake others, whom Provi-

dence seems, by their talents, to ordain to do more good to mankind. I have a more particular interest, too, in your life than any other at present, as a private man, for the vanity I have is to see finished that noble work which you address to me, and where my verses, interspersed here and there, will have the same honour done them to all posterity, as those of Erinna, in the philosophical writings of Tully.

'Next to patching up my constitution, my great business has been to patch up a grotto (the same you have so often sat in in times past under my house) with all the varieties of nature under ground, spars, minerals, and marbles. I hope yet to live to philosophise with you in this museum, which is now a study for virtuosi and a scene for contemplation. At least I am resolved to have it remembered that you was there, as you will see from the verses I dare to set over it.

'Adieu, may you and your's be happy.

'Thou who shalt stop where Thames translucent wave

Shines a broad mirror through the shadowy cave;

Where lingering drops from mineral roofs distil,

And polished crystals break the sparkling rill,

Unpolished gems no ray on pride bestow,

And latent metals innocently glow;

Approach, great Nature studiously behold,

And eye the mine, without a wish for gold.

Awful as Pluto's grove or Numa's grot,

Here, nobly-pensive, St. John sat and thought,

Here patriot sighs from Wyndham's bosom stole,

And shot the gen'rous flame thro' Marchmont's soul.

Let such, such only, tread this sacred floor,
Who dare to love their country and be poor.'

As we find we must give a second notice of this work, we conclude, for the present, with two fragments of the muse of Pope, which our industrious editor has pointed out:

'Then he went to the side-board and call'd for much liquor,

And glass after glass he drank quicker and quicker,

So that Heidegger quoth—

Nay, saith on his oath—

Of two hogsheads of burgundy Satan drank both.

'Then like an A the devil appear'd,

And straight the whole table of dishes he clear'd;

Then a friar; then a nun;

And then he put on

A face all the company took for his own.

'Ev'n thine, O false Heidegger, who went so wicked
To let in the Devil*—

AN INSCRIPTION

'Upon a Punch Bowl, bought in the South Sea year, for a Club—chased with Jupiter placing Callista in the skies, and Europa with the bull.

'Come, fill the South-Sea goblet full,
The gods shall of our stock take care,

* This appears, by the frequent mention of Heidegger, to be part of a long poem on Masquerades; which he brought into such vogue, that in May, 1729, the grand jury represented him and his masquerades as nuisances.

Europa pleas'd accepts the Bull,
And Jove with joy puts off the Bear.†
(To be concluded in our next.)

Practical Directions for Preserving the Teeth; with an Account of the most Modern and Improved Methods of supplying their Loss; and a Notice of an unproved artificial Palate, invented by the Author. Illustrated by Plates. By ANDREW CLARK, Dentist. 8vo. pp. 96. London, 1825. Knight and Lacey.

It is always an advantage, when a practical man comes before the public, to state, in his own language and without any of that garnish which professional authors throw around their subjects, the results of his own experience, for the benefit of artists and the arts themselves, as well as for the good of society generally; and we wish that this were more frequently the case. The division of labour has so much separated those who invent or discover anything worthy of being published from those whose business it is to publish, that not only a great deal of useful matter remains unpublished, but a good deal of that which is in print is not very useful.

Mr. Clark is a professional dentist, who, as we have heard, has had a great deal of experience, and not a little success, in repairing those decays of nature which come within his province; and he has come forward, in this little volume, to state the results in a very perspicuous, but modest and unpretending manner. He lays claim to no profound skill in general anatomy; but the accounts which he, in the first part of his work, gives of the component parts of the organs of mastication, the diseases to which those organs are exposed, the means by which those diseases may be prevented before they take place, and cured or mitigated afterwards, show a very extensive knowledge of all that part of the subject which is necessary for his purpose. The directions given for mitigating the pain with which infants cut their teeth, and for the general preservation of the teeth of adults, both as to beauty and durability, are plain and sensible; and when, in the second part of the book, he comes to treat of the proper substance of which to make artificial teeth, and the best mode of making them, his remarks cannot fail of being useful both to the public and to professional men. Upon this part of the subject he complains, and complains justly, that the published matter is deficient, both in quantity and in quality; and there is no doubt, that if those who are eminent in the profession were to make their mode of operating a little better known, the greatest benefits would result from it. Though the profession of the dentist be solely an art, it is difficult to prevent people from attaching to it some portion of that mystery in which they clothe the medical profession, and the consequence is, that the door is set wide for quacks and impostors. Upon these Mr. Clark has no mercy; but, as he points

† This epigram of Mr. Pope was communicated by the Rev. Dr. Warburton to Tho. Birch, and is now copied from the manuscript to which the above note is appended.

them out by their deeds, and not by their names, the public have all the advantage, and they have no ground of complaint.

From the notice of the artificial palate, we should conclude, that it is a very complete and superior invention, and cannot fail to benefit those for whom it is intended. We have been thus induced to speak of Mr. Clark's book in general terms, because the subject is not one that admits either of analysis or quotation. We think the book a useful one, and, as such, we recommend it to our readers.

To-Day in Ireland. In three vols. post 8vo. pp. 915. London, 1825. C. Knight.

IRELAND has always been too much neglected, even in the cultivation of literature; and it is no less singular than true that, although Dublin contains an university of some eminence, yet neither the capital, nor indeed the whole country, has given sufficient support to establish any periodical of higher pretensions than a newspaper, or to induce booksellers to venture on publishing anything beyond a pamphlet. It is not that Ireland is deficient in literary genius or talent, but the Irish reading public is either very limited, or it entertains some prejudice against its native produce of literature. A better day, we trust, will soon dawn on the sister isle: her traditions, her history, her romantic scenery, and her customs, are all beginning to be drawn from the obscurity which veiled them, and to live embodied in narratives of romance. The Irish Legends, by Crofton Croker, and the Tales of the O'Hara Family, by Mr. Banim, are proofs, not only that the field is ample, but that there are reapers sufficient for the harvest. To these we would add, though of a different and more cheerful character, the work now before us—*To-Day in Ireland.* It contains four distinct tales:—The Carders, Connemara, Old and New Light, and The Tooles' Warning. The author appears well acquainted with Irish life, and displays a considerable portion of Irish humour; he is particularly successful in the delineation of character, varied as it is in reality, and as it appears in these tales. The Carders, which forms the longest tale, relates to those outrages on one hand, and oppression on the other, which have too long distracted Ireland. It has less of mirth than melancholy in it, and is an interesting story. The next tale—Connemara, is of a more lively character, and we suspect bears as near a relation to truth as fiction. The hero of this tale is Dick M'Loughlin, an M. P., not overburdened with money, who runs great danger in showing himself any where, except when the privilege of Parliament protects him, and always at such times finding much difficulty in escaping to that place, so impervious to duns and bailiffs, Connemara; but our author must draw M'Loughlin's character himself:—

"From Cork and Kerry to Londonderry, as O'Doherty hath it, 'there never was a better fellow than Dick M'Loughlin. He was a very prince; ay, every inch a king' in his own domains; where none durst approach within fifty yards of his majesty without hat-

in hand;—his word was a law to the bogs, his smile sunshine, that would make even a clump of black turf rejoice with gladness; and as to his frown, it was withering, 'twas annihilation. Philosophers say, that the possession of absolute power will corrupt the purest heart, and infect with the bile of tyranny even the most benign disposition:—a fig for such philosophy,—the monarch of Connemara was a living lie to the proposition. For in all the plenitude of his power, against which the very waves of his neighbour and well-beloved cousin the Atlantic might rise in vain, Dick was the most generous, most benevolent, tender-hearted, and philanthropic of mankind."

"And never could the flattering art of limning hit upon attitude or expression more just,—for Dick was a philanthropist *par excellence*, one that did not confine his sympathies to the limited and biped portion of humanity, but extended them, with the impulse of a true Irish heart, throughout the whole sentient kingdom of nature. That "noble animal the horse," as a brother potentate of Dick's would say, was the object of his prime regard; bulls and bullocks he protected; and for cows, his breast overflowed with the milk of human kindness. In short, he was the very Saturn of the hoofed tribe; and the golden age of horseflesh and of cowflesh is to be dated from the commencement of the nineteenth century. The canine and the feline species also went not without his protection; and his statesman-like views extended to the amelioration of the condition of caterpillars, and the introduction of *enseignement mutuel* amongst the oyster-beds of Carlingford.

"The Irish, though "a persecuted and a hard-drinking people," are, nevertheless, a sentimental one, especially after dinner. And at such seasons, which they boast as "the feast of reason and the flow of soul," in the interpretation of which you may read a devilled drumstick for reason, and whiskey for soul,—they are very fond of instituting a comparison between Dick M'Loughlin and Rousseau. I cannot say but that this Frenchman is a most convenient personage to all character-limners, whether historians, critics, or essayists. There is no genius under the sun that cannot be compared or contrasted with him. Thomas Moore found out Byron, one day, to be a ditto of him; and Lord John Russell, but the other, discovered his fellow in Burke. Now let me try my hand at a comparison between the French philosopher and the Irish monarch. "Both were men whose imagination outstripped their judgment." Both were eminent philanthropists, and both encountered, for their philanthropic schemes, the ridicule of their more hard-hearted fellows. Both were great men, bestowed by a remote and provincial state to the metropolis, that their presence from time to time adorned. Their situations in life, though different, were not dissimilar;—the monarch ruled over a rude and uncivilized state; and the philosopher took care to uncivilize every subject that entered under his intellectual sway. One persecuted the cruel mob of the English metropolis; the

other was persecuted by the unfeeling mob of the French. One, to be sure, was an orator; the other a writer,—but both were equally eloquent; and one, in despite of blunder, and the other, in despite of paradox, seldom failed in the end to convince and win over all hearers to their opinion. In love—but let us draw a veil over the foibles of great men. In debt—why let us do the same. And my comparison is already complete."

M'Loughlin had made a bet about his escaping to Connemara, sans dun, sans bailiff:—

"Heaven knows what Dick had been doing, but the dissolution of Parliament took him quite by surprise; and whether it was that he was in love, or in drink, or had not the mopusses ready, Dick despaired of getting over the herring-pond in time to pass safe to his kingdom from the clutches of the law. The worthy member at this was wroth,—and expostulated with my Lord—in terms both hot and hearty. The bland firmness of his lordship soon, however, smoothed down the ruffled plumage of Dick's cholour.

"A man of your talent and knowledge of the world, Mr. M'Loughlin," said his lordship, ought to turn this *contre-temps* to his advantage."

"I haven't the honour," said Dick in reply, "to know Counter-Tom. But being of your lordship's intimacy, he must be a clever fellow; and if he would help me through —"

"Nay! you mistake, Mr. T—"

"I mistake! Blood and —! I have you to know, my Lord, that I never made a mistake; no, nor a blunder, in the whole course of my life."

"Come, come, my Connaught Ranger!" said his lordship, "don't bluster,—we are too old stagers now to blow one another's brains out. As to Counter-Tom, whom you did not mistake, you shall know him one of these days."

"I know him already, and no thanks to you," said Dick, still wroth at being informed he was under a mistake; "he is Pozzo di Borgo's secretary."

"He is," replied his lordship; "and, moreover, a Siberian Prince. But, touching your dilemma, have you ever been at Newmarket?"

"No!" said Dick; "I never attend the inhuman sport of horse-racing."

"A hem!—but you've been of old upon the Curragh, and know what folk there mean by covering a man's losses."

"Yes, I've some idea o' that."

"What think you of trying it now? You owe a little, Mr. M'Loughlin."

"Owe a little!" said Dick, angry at having his debts degraded in sum: "I'd have you to know, my Lord, that I owe as much as any man in Great Britain."

"His lordship was not inclined to dispute the amount of Dick's negative property; so he waved that argument, and proceeded with his counsel."

To be short with our story, Dick is smuggled across the channel in a coffin, to Dub-

lin; the most difficult point yet unaccomplished was to pass the bridge of Athlone; in order to do this, he assumes the disguise of a well-known personage, who is thus described by our author:—

‘The fattest man in Ireland, if not in Great Britain, was Arthur Kelly. His dimensions I cannot exactly give; but there can be no doubt they would in numerals have looked prodigious upon a booth in Bartholomew Fair, and gathered a little fortune from the curious. He was, in fact, of such a size, that the scope of one’s imagination would not contain it; and, if you parted with him yesterday, so much did your recollected idea of him ever fall short of the original, that your amazement on beholding him the next day was as great as when you first saw him, eclipsing either two sides of a room and half its furniture, or the better part of the landscape, if ye were in the open air. Any Falstaff that the stage ever stuffed was but a child to him; such a moving enormity was he.

‘Arthur was a boon companion, well-known over all the West of Ireland, welcome every where for his size and good humour; if, indeed, it required any requisites whatsoever to make any one welcome in that most hospitable of all tracts. This hospitality of all and every one, Arthur took care to have yearly recourse to: he fell away sadly, he complained, if he stayed more than a fortnight in any one neighbourhood,—so that, if he overate, or overdrank his welcome, he at least never outstaid it. He was a lie to the proverb, being a rolling stone that gathered an enormity of moss; and neither in flesh nor pocket was he the worse for his continual peregrinations. Arthur, too, was esteemed throughout the whole circuit of his rambles as a wit and a wag of the first order,—why, I never could discover. But since the age of Shakspeare, who, by his Falstaff, reversed the old Grecian proverb of “A large stomach produceth not a subtle mind,” not mere corpulence, perhaps, but the extreme of it, is accounted synonymous with wit;—it implies the necessity of it, and ever so sorry a joke issuing from so large a reservoir is thereon esteemed a good thing. For this reason certainly, and for no other, could Arthur have gained the character of a wit; for, in truth, he was the most blundering punster that ever lived by putting the King’s English out of joint. His fame long ago reached the ears of Miss Edgeworth; and she, the fair and powerful magician, struck into life her idea of him under the title of Sir Terence O’Fea; but no sooner did she see this Falstaff of Connaught, than she regretted her misrepresentation, and acknowledged that not the least similitude existed between Arthur and Sir Terence.’

In this disguise did M’Loughlin pass the bridge, and scare the good people of Athlone, who thought him a *fetch* of Arthur Kelly, who happened to be at the fair, but we have no wish to anticipate the sequel for our readers, and so refer them to To-Day in Ireland, which will, we are sure, afford them both days and evenings of amusement.

BAYLEY’S HISTORY OF THE TOWER.

(Continued from p. 333.)

MR. BAYLEY enters into a very elaborate examination respecting the claims of Perkin Warbeck; he refutes a host of evidence as to his being an impostor, and, if he does not establish his identity with the Duke of York, he at least shows that the contrary has never been proved. In his former volume, Mr. Bayley stated that there was no proof that the two princes were murdered in the Tower by order of the Duke of Gloucester, afterward Richard III., but that, on the contrary, it was very improbable. This is one great step towards the claim of Perkin Warbeck. Mr. Bayley, after examining all the evidence that can be adduced in favour or against him, says:—

‘When we review all the circumstances of this extraordinary case:—the entire want of evidence that the princes were put to death; the inconsistency of the king’s conduct; his avoiding every species of inquiry by which he might have been proved an impostor, if he were so, and the many shifts he had recourse to, to blind the world on the subject; when we estimate the character of the historians of those times, and remember that the only sources of our information are the testimony of writers swayed by prejudices or subservient to the Lancastrian interest, and the statements put forth by the king himself; when we consider, too, all the traits in Warbeck’s character—his personal likeness to King Edward the Fourth—his princely manners and his acknowledged perfection in the English language; when we call to mind that his origin and history were never traced; that he never failed in his part, and that neither his words nor his actions were ever said to bear the semblance of imposition: in fact, when we fairly and deliberately weigh all the strong and leading points in his story, we must be rooted indeed to the common impressions entertained on the subject, if we hastily conclude that he was an impostor. At all events, we have shown that he could not have been such a person as he was represented; and the more deep any candid inquirer will search into the history and times of Richard III., the less credit he will attach to that common herd of writers, whose venality or prejudices have led them from the paths of uprightness and truth, and made them indiscriminately load his memory with all the foulest crimes that distinguish the dark and troubled era in which he lived.’

Had Mr. Bayley done nothing more than furnish the public with his patient investigation of this subject, his history of the Tower would be valuable; and, after attentively reading that investigation, he must be sceptical indeed who still believes that the two young princes were murdered in the Tower, or that Perkin Warbeck was of low origin.

During the reign of King Henry the Eighth, the Tower was generally crowded with prisoners, and the accounts of many of them are rendered interesting as well by their fortunes as their fates. The amiable Duke of Buckingham, the virtuous Sir Thomas More, the venerable and learned Bishop of Rochester, all fell victims to the tyranny

of Henry, or the ambitious and persecuting spirit of his advisers. Their lives and fates are, however, well known, and we shall therefore only quote one anecdote of Sir Thomas More:—

‘It was usual, as soon as the service was over, and Sir Thomas had left his seat in church, for his usher to go to Lady More’s pew, and inform her that his lordship was gone; but when Sir Thomas, unknown to his family, had resigned the seals, he intimated the loss of his dignity by going himself on the following Sunday, to his lady’s door, and, with hat in hand, telling her in the usual language of his usher, “Madam, my lord is gone.”’

Mr. Bayley gives a very interesting account of the beautiful Anne Boleyn, and the other victims of Henry VIII.; but, as perhaps there are few periods in English history better known than this reign, we pass over the events, which, however, almost become new by the manner in which they are detailed by Mr. Bayley, and by the new information he has collected on the subject. In the reigns of Edward VI. and Queen Mary, the Tower did not want for inmates and victims; but these, also, we pass over: scarcely a person suffered in this reign for religion or politics, that did not suffer most unjustly—Sir Thomas Wyatt’s conspiracy excepted.

Perhaps among the numerous criminals which have at various times, and for various crimes suffered capitally, there never was a greater monster than Lord Stourton, a Roman Catholic lord, who, in the reign of Queen Mary, murdered two Protestant gentlemen, under circumstances of peculiar atrocity. The victims to this nobleman’s revenge were William Hartgill, and John Hartgill his son, two gentlemen of Kilminster, in Somersetshire. We agree with the writer of the narrative of this barbarous murder, that no act of Mary’s reign does so much credit to her memory as this execution of the laws. The following is the account of the transaction, from a narrative written soon after its occurrence:—

‘A quarrel had arisen some years before between the parties, respecting Lord Stourton’s mother, while she was on a visit at Mr. Hartgill’s house; and shortly afterwards, on a Sunday morning, his lordship went to Kilminster, with a riotous assemblage of persons armed with bows and guns, and committed violent outrages. John Hartgill, “a tall lusty gentleman, being told of Lord Stourton’s coming, went out of the church, and drew his sword, and ran to his father’s house, adjoining fast to the church-yard side. Divers arrows were shot at him in his passing, but he was not hurt. His father, the said William Hartgill, and his wife, being old folks, were driven to go up into the tower of the church, with two or three of their servants, for the safeguard of their lives. When the said John Hartgill was come into his father’s house, he took his long-bow and arrows, and bent a cross-bow, and charged a gun, and caused a woman to carry the cross-bow and gun after him, and himself with his long-bow came forth, and drove away the said Lord Charles and all his men from the house, and

from about the church; so not one of all the company tarried, saving half a score that were entered into the church, amongst whom one was hurt with hail-shot in the shoulder by the said John Hartgill." Sir Thomas Speake, the sheriff of the county, was directed by the lords of the council to repress these disorders, and to bring up Lord Stourton, who was at first committed to prison, and afterwards bound to keep the peace; but the desire of revenge continued to canker in his breast, and the Hartgills were the constant objects of his persecution: he destroyed their corn, drove away their cattle, and kept them in a perpetual state of alarm for their lives.

'At length, availing themselves of the queen's being at Basing End, in Hampshire, they petitioned her majesty for redress, and, the parties being called before the council, Lord Stourton promised that, if they would come to his house and desire a reconciliation, he would not only grant it, but restore their goods and cattle.

'Whereupon, trusting to his promise made in such presence, they took a gentleman with them, as a friend, and went to wait upon his lordship; but, on coming near to his house, a number of Lord Stourton's servants rushed out upon them in a lane, and attempted to seize the younger Hartgill, and, on his turning round and riding away, he was stopped by six others, who beset him before and behind, and, ere he could draw his sword, he was wounded in several places, and they left him for dead.

'At length this business was brought before the Star Chamber, and, in the end, the matter appeared so heinously base on the part of Lord Stourton, that he was sentenced to pay a sum of money to the Hartgills, and was committed to the Fleet; but some time afterwards was allowed to return to his country, having first given a bond for £2000. to render himself a prisoner again in the Fleet on the first day of the following term, and promised faithfully to pay in the meantime to the Hartgills the sums of money in which he had been condemned. He arrived at his house of Sturton Caundel, and in a few days afterwards sent to the Hartgills, informing them that he was ready to pay them the money which had been ordered by the Star Chamber, adding, that he also wished to commune with them for an ending of all matters between them. Kilminster Church was accordingly appointed as the place of meeting, and Lord Stourton came, accompanied with fifteen or sixteen of his own servants, many of his tenants, and some gentlemen and justices, to the number of sixty persons.

'The Hartgills, seeing so great a company, began to be alarmed, and the elder, as he approached Lord Stourton, said, "My lord, I see many enemies of mine about your lordship, and therefore I am afraid to come any nearer," and, though assured that they should have no bodily hurt, they refused to enter any covered place, save the church. His lordship first laid down a purse, as if he were going to pay them; but he had scarcely begun conversing on the object of their meeting, when he seized them both, saying, *I arrest you of felony.* They were then bound

with their hands behind them, by his lordship's order; he treated the younger Hartgill's wife in the most brutal manner, and had his two prisoners confined during that day in the parsonage-house, without meat or drink; and it is said that, had he not been otherwise persuaded by one of his men, they would have been murdered there that night.

'About one or two o'clock the next morning, these two unfortunate gentlemen were conveyed thence to a house at Bonham, within a quarter of a mile of Stourton, his lordship's own residence, where they were placed in separate apartments, fast bound, without food, fire, or anything to lay on; and so they remained till four of the clock in the following afternoon; and then Lord Stourton sent for their examination two justices of the peace, whom he made believe that he would the next morning send them to prison. The magistrates, finding them bound, directed that they should be loosed, and remain so; but they were no sooner gone than his lordship again had them tied with their hands behind them, and directed all the keepers to leave them, except four of his own servants, whom he had previously engaged to commit the horrid deed.

'About ten o'clock at night the murderers took their victims to a close adjoining Lord Stourton's house, where they forced them to kneel down, and knocked them on their heads with clubs, the base director of the deed "standing in the meantime at a gallery door not a good coyte's cast from the place."

"This done, the bodies were wrapped up and conveyed through a garden into the gallery where Lord Stourton stood, and so into a small place at the end thereof, his lordship bearing a candle to light the murderers. This place adjoined Lord Stourton's own chamber, and when they were brought there, life not being quite extinct, they groaned, especially the old man, and one of the ruffians swore that they were not dead; another said it would be a good deed to rid them of their pains, and, lest a French priest lying near the place should hear, his lordship directed that their throats should be cut, himself standing by with a candle in his hand."

'One of the murderers now beginning to feel remorse, said to his master, "Ah! my lord, this is a piteous sight: had I thought as I now think, before the deed was, your whole land should not have brought me to consent to such an act." To which his lordship answered, "What, faint-hearted knave! is it any more than ridding of two knaves, that, living, were troublesome to God's laws and man's? There is no more account to be made of them than of killing two sheep."

'The bodies were then let down into a dungeon, where they were buried very deep, covered first with earth, then with two courses of thick pavement, and the place finally covered over with a quantity of chips and shavings.

'The bodies were found by Sir Anthony Hungerford, then sheriff of Wiltshire, whose exertions in discovering them received the merited thanks of the council. Lord Stourton was apprehended, and conveyed to the Tower on the 28th of January, and on the

26th of the following month he was arraigned in Westminster Hall, before the Lord Chief Justice Brokes, and other judges, the lord-steward, the lord-treasurer, and others, appointed by special commission to try him; and his four servants were sent down to be arraigned in Wiltshire.

'The two unfortunate gentlemen who had fallen victims to Lord Stourton's violent and malicious nature were Protestants; and, as his lordship had always been a staunch supporter of the Roman Catholic religion, and had rendered many services to the government, it was hoped by his friends that the queen would have spared his life; but she left him to the laws! and there is no act of Mary's reign that does so much credit to her memory as this demonstration of justice, and her horror at the baseness of his crime. On the 28th of February, the council directed the sheriff of Wilts to receive his body at the hands of Sir Hugh Paulet, and to see him executed; and on the 2nd of March he was taken under a strong guard from the Tower, on horseback, with his arms pinioned behind him, and his legs tied under the horse's belly. The first day he was conducted to Hounslow; on the second to Staines; thence to Basingstoke; and on the fourth to Salisbury, where, on the next day, he was executed in the market-place; and it is said that "he made great lamentation at his death for his wilful and impious deed." It was directed that his servants should be hanged in chains at Meere, and the only mark of distinction shown to Lord Stourton's rank was his being hanged with a silken cord.'

The Novice; or, the Man of Integrity. By L. B. PICARD. 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1825. Baldwin.

M. PICARD is a very prolific writer, and has enjoyed no little popularity in France, both as a dramatist and a novelist. In the former character, he has produced about sixty or seventy pieces for the stage, most of which have been very successful; in the latter, also, he is a favourite with the public—and the original of the work we are now about to notice reached a second edition within a month after its first publication. Powerful interest of plot it certainly does not possess, but it presents some good pictures of modern French society, one or two able though slight sketches of character, and some scenes worked up with a great deal of dramatic effect, and which are, in our opinion, the most successful parts of the work.

George Dercy, the hero of the tale, is a young man of the most scrupulous integrity, a character that has obtained for him the epithet of *le Niais*, or, as it is here rendered, the Novice; and as he, on every occasion, acts up to the principles which the rest of the world merely profess, it may be conceived that his conduct generally forms a striking contrast to that of most of the other personages. The author has not failed to avail himself of the piquant satire which is thus so abundantly supplied, nor does he spare any profession or any class of persons. Ministers, diplomatists, politicians of all parties, place-hunters, fortune-hunters, legacy-hunt-

ers, speculators, lawyers, medical men, and army contractors, down to clerks and shopkeepers, are all in their turn lashed for their knavery or their folly. For such characters as these the author doubtless was in no want of originals, and they nearly all of them seem to be drawn from the life, and to be *ad-vivum* delineations; but where, it may perhaps be asked, did he find the prototype for his hero, who is really, as the world goes, a perfect phoenix—on every occasion so disinterested—so uncompromising? We must confess, that the author appears here to have almost forgotten the golden rule of *ne quid nimis*; it would, however, be cruel in us to condemn any one for possessing too much virtue, although we must say that it is an article too precious for a man to be allowed to monopolize so large a share of it, when so many of his fellow-creatures possess none at all. If, therefore, we can find him guilty of nothing else let this be imputed to him as a serious delinquency, and so satisfy our critical conscience that he is not altogether a monster of perfection.

After the hero himself, the most prominent characters are his own relations, Dr. Saint Firmin, his uncle, and his cousins Dupré and La Morinière; and a quondam school-fellow of his, a M. Dauvert, who is in every respect the very reverse of George himself, being an unprincipled, scheming, hypocritical villain, who makes a tool of the unsuspecting Dercy. We shall not pretend to follow the author through all the various situations into which he has thrown his principal *dramatis personæ*, which would indeed be no very easy task, but shall content ourselves with giving a couple of extracts, from which our readers may form some judgment of the spirit in which the work is written.

The first is a part of Dercy's interview with his friends, on his return from America:

"George threw himself into the arms of his friends, and embraced them all by turns: while each received him in a characteristic manner—Dupré with an abruptness that had something in it of heartiness and sincerity, La Morinière with an affected politeness and civility of manner, and the doctor, with an air in which affection was mingled with a due sense of his own dignity; Madame surveyed him with a glance of examination, and thought that his person was greatly improved. But in the midst of all their expressions of joy, at beholding him again, it was evident that curiosity was the predominant feeling of the whole party.

"They ascended to the drawing-room, and there their questions were redoubled.

"What I have to tell you," said George, "will furnish more than one day's conversation. My voyage has been a very interesting one—full of events agreeable and disagreeable, of successes and reverses."

"Then, let us hear of your success," said Dupré, "or it is that will afford us most satisfaction."

"It was pleasant enough to see how animated and pleased every one seemed at hearing the word 'success.'"

"What a noble spectacle," continued our hero, "is that of the United States. It is

there, in my opinion, that civilization has made the greatest progress, and is still proceeding to the highest pitch of perfection. There it is pure, and uncontaminated by the vices of the feudal system—the fanaticism, intolerance, and religious superstitions that have taken root so deeply in the old world."

"Tis very justly observed," said the doctor, as if he had studied the subject, "The United States! they almost realize the beautiful ideal of philosophy; but, after all, what have you done in this fine country?"

"Oh! I did not confine my observations merely to the states, I advanced into the interior of the continent of America, and visited the Indians, and the races of savages."

"Savages!" exclaimed Madame Saint Firmin, "You have really seen savages? How very delightful!"

"It is among those untutored people that human nature displayed itself to me in its most unsophisticated form. Ah! how much is there of which to be ashamed, and of which to be proud, in the name of man! These poor creatures exhibit ungovernable passions, but they also display great benevolence, gratitude, and generosity."

"So all travellers inform us," said the doctor rather impatiently; "if we may believe them your savages are half divine and half infernal; but inform us of your own personal affairs?"

"Aye," cried La Morinière, "in such a country there must be a good opening for commercial speculation, for an European who carries out a venture."

"Come," said Dupré, "tell us what you have brought home."

"Oh! a great many fine things," replied George with a smile, "that is a great many trifles, still such as I hope will please you; for I selected for each of you such articles as I thought most likely to prove acceptable. I have got two beautiful parroquets, that can speak both French and English, for my good aunt. For my cousin, La Morinière, some Indian arms, that will be interesting to his son as a military man; some curious specimens of natural history for the doctor; and as for you, my dear Dupré, I was much puzzled what to bring you, but I had at last the good luck to meet with a very rare little work that I have translated expressly for you: it is written by a Quaker of Boston, and is entitled 'A System of Morals for the use of an Attorney.'"

"Confound your morals and your presents too," exclaimed the quondam man of law, with more energy than politeness.

"Don't be so violent," said the doctor, "let George proceed with his story."

"As for me," said Madame, "I am sure I feel greatly obliged to him for his parroquets."

"But let us come to the essential point: how did your venture turn out?"

"Aye," cried all, drawing their chairs closer to him, "your venture! Did you dispose of it to considerable advantage? Did you turn it into money or goods? In one word, what has become of it?"

"What has become of it? just nothing at all."

"How! is it possible?"

"At the end of the first six months it was all gone. During our passage, the supercargo gave me to understand that I might save a great part of the duty, by smuggling some of it on shore; but I would not listen to such advice. Then I had scarcely landed before I fell in with a knave—for there are such in all countries, and under every form of government, however excellent it may be, who contrived to ease me of a great part of it. I was advised to pursue him, but I conceived that my time would be better employed, in examining whatever was most worthy of remark, in a country where all was so new to me. Another rascal, if such a name be not too good for him, proposed to me what he termed a very advantageous scheme, namely, to exchange what goods I had left, for a cargo of blacks, that I should have an opportunity of sending directly to an English colony. Gracious Heaven! what a revolting proposition! what an infamous species of traffic!"

"At length I had the good fortune to become acquainted with a worthy man; but, poor fellow! he had been very unsuccessful in life, had a numerous family, and was in distressed circumstances. I contrived, however, after a great deal of trouble, to assist in extricating him from his difficulties."

"And stripped yourself of all that you had!"

"Not quite all. I had still enough to enable me to prosecute my route into the interior, a journey that has afforded me great satisfaction; and in the course of which I had opportunity of studying the manners of the native Indians. On my return to Boston, I availed myself of the little acquisitions I possess, to procure a subsistence. I know English tolerably well, so that I was able to give lessons in the ancient languages, geometry, and drawing, and laid by enough to pay my passage home."

"And you are returned without a sou?"

"Even so: nay, if my good tenant, Claude, had not advanced me a little cash, I should not have been able to reach Paris."

This last sentence produced a most extraordinary effect on his auditors: the chairs were all drawn back with as much precipitation as if he had said that he returned infected with the plague; and every brow became clouded.

The other scene we shall give is that where the Duke of ***'s will is read, a nobleman who had formerly been in the cabinet, and in whose favour the supple and intriguing Dauvert had supplanted Dercy:—

Every one was full of anxiety and curiosity, which they endeavoured to conceal under an air of seriousness and gravity. M. Dauvert seemed to take upon himself to receive the visitors, more than the notary did: he was full of attentions to every one, particularly to the ladies; was assiduous in offering seats to the company; and extolled the character of the deceased, at the same time raising his eyes to heaven; and then launched out into a brilliant eulogium on his genius, his extraordinary talents, and the important services he had rendered both his sovereign and the state. On perceiving George

enter, he seemed greatly astonished; but after speaking a few words aside to the notary, he came up to him, and shook him cordially by the hand. "I am quite delighted to see you here, Dercy," cried he; "no doubt the worthy duke, yielding to my representations in your favour, has been anxious to make amends for all his former neglect, by naming you in his will. Ah! I know his generous disposition perfectly well!"

"The relations did not appear very grateful for the civilities tendered them by M. Dauvert, or rather they would have been very glad to have dispensed with both him and his attentions altogether. "It is very fine truly for him," muttered one, "to pretend to behave so politely to people whom he is robbing of their just rights!"

"Yes," observed another; "but he was not quite so polite when he shut the door in our faces, and would not suffer us to see our relation."

"M. Darbolin sate, without saying a word; but with knitted brows, a scowling eye, and haughty lip, shot from time to time angry glances at Dauvert. All present, indeed, appeared to stand in mutual fear of each other, and to survey each other with looks of mistrust, even while exchanging salutations, renewing former acquaintances, or now forming new ones. There were many who had not met for a very long while, and there were others who now met for the first time in their lives. The old were surprised to find that they had so many young cousins; while the young could hardly conceive it possible that so many of their old relations were still in existence.

"The company now took their seats, George placed himself in a corner behind the rest, and M. Dauvert in the foremost rank, close by the notary. The latter began to read the will, which, in conformity with the law, had been previously opened at the *Tribunal de Premiere Instance*. Immediately the most hushed silence prevailed: the most fixed attention and hope and fear were depicted in the attitude and expression of every one present; and M. Dauvert uttered a very audible sigh.

"The first paragraphs contained only legacies, of greater or less value, to the domestics. "This is very well."—"Perfectly just."—"Quite as it should be," said the auditors. Next came some bequests to public charities. "What an excellent man!" cried Dauvert; yet some of his relations began to think that the late duke had been too charitable. The furniture was divided between the steward and the housekeeper, which drew down upon those individuals not the most pleasant looks from the two old ladies, whom we lately mentioned. The library was bequeathed to one of his grace's secretaries, the pictures to another. "Diable!" cried one of his relations, "this is rather too much."

"At this rate we ourselves shall have nothing," said a second.

"There are only three more articles to read," observed the notary.

"Then make haste and let us hear them," cried M. Darbolin.

"The notary looked again at the paper,

and proceeded to read: "In gratitude for the attentions which Madame Dauvert has bestowed upon me during my illness, I request that she will accept a ring of the value of three thousand francs." Here Dauvert, who had alternately turned red and pale during the reading of the former articles, thought proper to hold his handkerchief to his face. The notary continued: "I give and bequeath to each and every one of my relations, male or female, and of whatever degree of consanguinity, without any distinction—"

"Well?"

"What?"

"What does he give us?"

"The notary proceeded—"a ring of the value of a thousand francs." Here a general murmur of indignation burst from all the company; and some were not even sparing of their abuse. "The mean old curmudgeon!" exclaimed one. "I will not accept his paltry ring," cried another. One lady fanned herself tremendously; another had recourse to her salts.

"At length the Viscount Darbolin called out to the notary: "Proceed, sir,—the last article"

"Here it is," said the notary, and went on reading; "I name and appoint, as my residuary legatee—"

"Here we have it."

"I was sure how it would be."

"Well, I shall not wear mourning."

"I have put it on, but shall lay it aside again directly."

"The notary continued: "I name and appoint, as my residuary legatee, on condition of his discharging all the preceding legacies—"

"Well, who is it?"

"Oh! no doubt but the very civil gentleman there."

"Yes, I suppose M. Dauvert."

"No," said the notary, "it is M. George Dercy."

"George!" exclaimed Dauvert, almost choked by his feelings.

"George Dercy!" cried every one else; "And who pray may this George Dercy be?"

"The notary pointed him out with his hand.

"Yes, gentleman," said George, rising from his corner, and advancing into the middle of the room, "I am the person named."

"The whole company, with the exception of Dauvert, pushed away their chairs in extreme ill-humour; and for several minutes all was confusion; at length the notary was able to make himself heard, when he said to George, "You doubtless accept of the legacy that is left you?"

"A moment if you please," returned he; then added, "it is necessary that I should reflect."

"Reflect!—Can he be possibly in his senses!"

"Oh! leave him alone: don't you see that 'tis mere affectation and grimace; but we are not to be so deceived."

"Aye, aye, he thinks to pass himself off for a very disinterested gentleman."

"The testament is null and void," cried the viscount, "and I shall get it set aside."

"All the relations now left the room, when Dauvert, advancing towards George, said, in a tremulous and faltering voice, while the cold drops of perspiration stood on his forehead, and his face was deadly pale, "Receive my congratulations. M. Dercy, on your good fortune."

Narrative of an Expedition to the Source of St. Peter's River.

(Concluded from p. 341.)

MR. KEATING gives a good account of the Chippewas Indians, their manners, usages, and customs, which do not differ much from the habits of the Potawatimis and Sauks. The Chippewas have no marriage ceremony, and permit polygamy, so that one of their chiefs had nine wives:—

"In the assigning of a name to a child, much interest is taken. The father applies to one whom he considers as well gifted or favoured by the spirits above, and entreats him to bestow a name upon his offspring. A day is fixed for the ceremony; the friend settles what objects will be required on the occasion, and, whatever they may be, the parent never fails in providing them; if not from his own hunt, he obtains them from others. Guests are invited; as soon as the manager appears, the whole of the provisions are placed before him; he takes for himself the head, heart, and other choice parts. The residue he divides among the guests. The tobacco being laid before him, he fills a pipe, offers the stem to the spirits, smokes of it himself, and then proceeds to relate his own adventures, his experience in religious matters, his intercourse with spirits, &c. He generally premises by observing, that, when young, he dreamt of a certain object, and, valuing his dream much, had never divulged the subject of it, but that, in consideration of his great regard for his friend, he will mention the object of his dream, and name his young friend after it. He then relates the circumstances attending it, and bestows the name upon the child. It is immediately repeated by all present. The feasting then commences, and is continued until all the provisions are eaten up; if there be more prepared than the guests can eat, other invitations are sent out, for none can leave the feast until all is consumed. The manager becomes a second parent to the child, who is held to be under great obligations to him. The duty never devolves upon women.

"A feast to which still greater importance is attached is that which is given by a parent on the occasion of the first animal killed by his child. This ceremony is alluded to by Harmon, but he does not mention that this extends, as we were told, to the very smallest animal, and is not restricted to the first success in the chase. We are informed that if an infant should kill a bird, mosquito, or even a flea, this is hoarded with care by the parent; it is dried, and as soon as he has killed game enough to give a feast, he invites his friends to share in the repast, in which his son's first trophy is included. The most distinguished friend is, as usual, invited to preside, and it is his exclusive privilege to eat the whole of the animal killed by the child.

The future success of the individual is considered to depend upon the age at which this feast was given; the younger the child is, the greater the promise which he gives of future distinction.

Hospitality is one of their chief virtues; and the women among the Chippewas, as in more refined countries, are more loquacious than the men. Duelling is not practised among them, Mr. K. says—

'We heard of but one instance of a combat between two individuals, which, from the attending circumstances, approaches to the nature of the duels of civilized men. Two warriors of distinction, who had been noted for their mutual attachment, ceased to be friends; the cause of their disunion remained a secret; no apparent motive could be ascribed to it; it did not spring from any quarrel about their mistresses, or from gambling. After the coldness had subsisted for some time, they were again seen together, and hopes were entertained that the breach had been made up. One evening both were known to be in search of each other; they met, and welcomed with their left hands, uttering an expression corresponding to our word "well;" one of them then passed his right hand behind him and drew his knife; the other immediately did the same, and, before the by-standers were aware of their object, each had plunged his knife twice in the bosom of his adversary. Both fell severely wounded; one died, the other survived his wounds. He was observed ever after to be melancholy: but he never could be induced to explain the motives of the quarrel, or the circumstances of the meeting. There were not a few among them who considered the encounter as premeditated. The man died some time after, and his secret was buried with him.

'When warriors return from a successful excursion, they are met and welcomed by such as staid at home; these take away from them every article of property which they have, giving them others of at least equal value in exchange; the articles thus taken from the warriors are held in high estimation, being considered as relics; this extends to their horses, guns, &c. The women dance the scalp-dance; those whose husbands have brought home scalps use them exultingly, and relate the adventures which led to their capture. Warriors are never made slaves; if any be taken prisoners, they are soon killed; so are the old women: the marriageable women are reduced to servitude, and are treated with great cruelty by the squaws; the children are generally spared and incorporated into families, where they frequently meet with tolerably good treatment.'

To the succinct and connected narrative of the expedition are added particular descriptions of the country through which Major Long passed, and an appendix of natural history. On the subject of the Indians generally, Major Long says—

'There can exist but little doubt that most, if not all, of these Indians would, in any emergency decidedly favourable to their views, take up arms against the people of the United States. They have no calamity

to dread so fatal to their repose as that of the inroads of our population upon their territory, and no evil so much to be deprecated, and so pernicious to their welfare, as that of a free intercourse between them and a semi-barbarian race, often resident among them, and always ready to occupy the ground from which they have retreated. There is, however, no new occasion to enlarge upon this part of the subject, and we shall conclude with briefly stating, that the intercourse between the citizens of the United States and the Indians, is of a nature calculated to vitiate and deprave the former, while it engenders distrust, malevolence, and hatred in the minds of the latter. In fine, the language held forth by the Indian in relation to the Americans is, that they have claim to no other feeling but that of abhorrence, and that it is from principles of policy, and not of esteem and reverence, that he treats them with deference, professes friendship for them, and allows them to share in his confidence.

'It may here be remarked, that the Indians westward of the Mississippi are, for the most part, addicted to an erratic life, migrating from place to place in quest of game, on which they principally subsist. They are divided into numerous bands, each of which has its appropriate leader, and in all their movements they are prepared for any event, whether of the chase or warfare.

'The Chippewas, from the nature of the country they inhabit, are distributed into families rather than tribes, the general scarcity of game, and other necessities of life, rendering it impracticable for them to dwell in large numbers at any one point. In the event of a war, several families unite in forming a martial force suitable for the occasion. They subsist principally upon fish and wild rice, the latter of which is very abundant in the region they inhabit, and would afford them a competent supply of food, were they sufficiently industrious in collecting it, and frugal in its expenditure.'

With these extracts we commit these interesting volumes to the public.

Songs of a Stranger. By LOUISA STUART COSTELLO. 8vo. pp. 158. London, 1825. Taylor and Hessey.

MISS COSTELLO has not written, perhaps, half so much as Mrs. Hemans or Miss Landon, but we think her little inferior to the former, and fully equal to the latter. Good taste, correct feeling, smooth versification, and no slight portion of gracefulness, distinguish the poems of this lady. We may, perhaps, be suspected of too great partiality, since the fair author has honoured the pages of *The Literary Chronicle* with the offspring of her muse; we shall, however, be much surprised if the critical world does not think as highly of her talents as we do, and express the opinion much more strongly. There is much sweetness and true poetry in this lady's songs, many of which have been set to music, and are, indeed, much, very much, superior to the new songs with which the public is glutted. The following, though, perhaps, not the best of the

'Songs of a Stranger,' will, we are sure, be sufficient to more than justify the praise we have bestowed on them. The first is—

'THE CAPE OF THE CABA RUMIA.

'Cervantes mentions that the memory of Florinda, the daughter of Count Julian, is held in detestation by both Spaniards and Moors. On the coast of Barbary is a cape called the Caba Rumia, or Cape of the Wicked Christian Woman, where, it is said, that Cava, or Caba, or Florinda, lies buried; and the Moors think it ominous to be forced into that bay.'

Sir Walter Scott.

'Sail on! what power has our luckless bark
To this ominous realm betrayed,
Where Cava's rock, o'er the waters dark,
Points out where her bones are laid?

'Away! away! though tempests sweep,
And waves rage loud and high,
Brave all the terrors of the deep—
But come not that haven nigh.
The spirit of the fatal fair
Hovers dimly over her grave;
'Tis her voice that rings through the troubled air,
'Tis her moan that awakes the wave.

'Oh! dearly the sons of Spain can tell
The woes that her beauty cost,
When Roderick, won by that witching spell,
Fame—honour and country lost.
And ever her name is an evil sound,
And her memory hated shall be;
And woe and dangers that bark surround
That Cava's rock shall see.
Then hasten on for some happier shore;
Nor that cape still linger near,
That the Spaniard true, and the infidel Moor,
Alike avoid with fear!

The next is a sweet—

'SONG.

'Odi quel rusignolo
Che va di ramo in ramo
Cantando; io amo; io amo,'

Tasso's *Aminta*.

'This mournful heart can dream of nought but thee,
As with slow steps among these shades I move,
And hear the nightingale from tree to tree
Sighing, "I love! I love!"

'This mournful heart wakes to one thought alone
That still our fatal parting will renew,
To hear that bird, when Spring's last eve is gone,
Sighing, "Adieu! Adieu!"

The next song has been set to music by William Linley, Esq.—

'I will not ask one glance from thee,
Lest, fondly, I should linger yet,
And all thy scorn and cruelty
In that entrancing glance forget.

'I may not, dare not, hear thee speak
In music's most persuasive tone,
Lest the sweet sound to joy awake,
And I forget 'tis sound alone!

The following is of a plaintive cast, but furnishes equal evidence of the talents of our amiable and accomplished author. It is an—

'ELEGY.

'The sea is deep above thy grave,
And the murmur of the rushing wave
Sooths thee to endless sleep.
The warring winds, with angry yell,
Ring mournfully thy funeral knell,
And wild discordance keep.

Now round thee wakes the hurrying storm,
And the red lightning rends aside
The wat'ry veil that strives to hide
Thy passive form.

The affrighted waves in heaps divide
And close again, as the loud thunder peals—
No eye beholds what that abyss reveals!
A waste of horror, black and drear, is spread
Far o'er the bosom of the troubled main.
Thy grave is calm again,
The dread commotion ceases o'er thy head—
The dark sea onward drives, and peaceful
Sleeps the dead!

The Twenty-Ninth of May: Rare Doings at the Restoration.

(Concluded from p. 342.)

THE author of the *Twenty-Ninth of May*, in describing the scenes which occurred—or the reader is to suppose occurred—at the Restoration, avails himself largely of the loyal songs of the day, and intermingles his accounts with other poetical pieces, some of which are, however, too well known. The work contains thirteen chapters, on as many different subjects, all relating to the rare doings at the Restoration. From one of these chapters, and that the best, *The Devil'd Kidney*, we shall make an extract; it relates to the voyage of Charles from Holland, on the Restoration:—

"Why, Sedley—it was delectably droll, to say the least of it; but, sirs, you should have been on board the *Naseby*."

"That is treason," cried Colonel Phillips, laughing. "The *Royal Charles*, man?"

"Well, then, as the Duke of Buckingham said to Admiral Montague, the *Naseby*."

"The devil," exclaimed D'Urfey, "why I marvel that the *Rump* sailors did not hoist him overboard, to pickle his presumption in the herring-pond."

"True, as you say, my D'Urfey. By the powers! we were in a tremendous funk, when the merry duke first commenced his pranks on board, for the whole fleet but t'other day were snuffing prayers and hymns, and swearing everlasting enmity to majesty, when, *hocus pocus*, as it were, the pitch-and-tar men swear on the other side of the mouth, and, in the twirling of a quid, d—n their eyes as freely as in the good old times, as an ancient sailor loyally observed to his grace, who got into the good graces of the heroes in a twinkling, and converted them by shoals."

"And how did the old admiral stomach this sudden metamorphosis; made a long face upon it, no doubt."

"Brimstone blue, at the first blush of the thing," replied Crofts; "but, peeling himself of the outward skin of the Puritan, my jolly admiral, who is at heart a sailor, reconciled himself to the change, and cracked his joke with Buckingham, and was as cheery as his crew."

"And here you behold the sudden conversion of Montague," said Butler, soberly smoking his pipe. "So it is,—anything to retain power—the same with sinner and saint, anything for temporal gain. The rebel admiral striking topsails to majesty; and, if Charles Stuart only willed it, all would

swear, with parson Harrison, that the two tables of stone were made of Shittim wood. There is no conversion like that of the presence; and as for conscience!"—blowing the smoke from him—"tis that, sirs. A rupture there, wide as law from justice, is closed by a royal squeeze, easily as by Parson Forster's *miraculous sponge*."

"You are right, my royal," exclaimed Tom Killegrew; "you have said truly, my bully Butler; give me your manus, my king of trumps. Had you but been on the deck of the *Royal Charles*, great guns and demi culverins,"—pressing his pipe down with the tobacco-stopper—"But, we must not proclaim all we know—not (whiffing away) that I care, though all the curious round-heads in this Christian city opened their asses' ears at the key-hole of the devil. Come, my noble royster, you Crofts, wherefore should we not take wine together? Why! you scar-mouche cook—you D'Urfey, your grills and your gizzards have made me hot in the tongue, as a pepper-cod; thirsty as *Dives*. Yes—(there a bumper, my royal)—yes, a pretty passage we had of it. Naught but frisk and folly—fiddling and fun all the way home. What glo—glo—glorious—frolicsome chaps are your sai—sai—"

"Saints," helped out old Shirley.

"No, no—*hic*—the sailors, my darling poet; but—*hic*—so are the saints too, in their way, sir—I'll give you a specimen. I shall never forget the day the old ones got their first audience of our noble king and master: and then, mark you, the prying old tykes, keeping each other up to the mark." Here the wag, quite in his glory, began to travestie their names, dubbing the pious committee, Calamy, Baxter, Manton, Case, and Reynolds, by a corresponding string of whimsical parody.

"Yes: Master Calamity," whispers old Backslider, "be steadfast in the cause." "Yea, and put the king to the nonplush, touching the surplice," said Mad-Tom; when Case, otherwise Cause, otherwise Curse (snuffing the names equivocally to the ear), pushed the case of the Common-Prayer Book to Master Wry-Nose, otherwise Reynolds, who, together with the other conjurors—ha, ha, ha—how the most knowing may be bamboozled! clapped their cheeks to the chinks of the royal confessional, and caught our sovereign lord the king—seeking!"

"What would the sanctified committee think of our sober concave, were they, with old Wry-Nose at their head, to thrust their noses amongst us roaring roysters?" said Hyde.

"Think!" replied Butler, relighting his pipe, "why, sir, that we were smoking a nest of waspish hypocrites—with all their zeal for holiness! Reformers! good Lord! why these chiefs of the godly are as suspicious of each other as so many ambassadors. Sirs, there is not one sect, of all the seekers among your congregational men, can trust another out of sight. All despatching their elders to watch and outwit his cunning neighbour, at Breda—every saint for himself. So the thrifty vrow, the Dutch farmer's wife,

puts the cat in the dairy to catch a thief of a mouse, but takes care to send the maid to watch Grimalkin, lest pussy should steal the cream."

In our former notice, we deemed it our duty to censure the profanity which pervades these volumes, and we are frequently obliged to stop short in our quotations, when we see some irreverent oath before us. We are the more surprised at this, as the author, in a note, affects to condemn it. We shall quote this note as a curious instance of the contrasted saying and doings of the author:

"It is likely that the unprofitable custom of making use of profane expletives and wicked imprecations, amongst the British soldiers and sailors, is of great antiquity. This we may infer, on the authority of Dr. Henry, that the veterans led into the field in olden times were addicted to cursing and swearing; for when the Count of Luxembourg, accompanied by the Earls of Warwick and Stafford, visited the Maid of Orleans, in her prison at Rouen, where the heroine, to the eternal disgrace of that age, loaded with irons, was chained to the floor, the count, who had sold her to the enemy, pretending that his visit was to treat with her about her ransom, she cast a look of resentment and disdain upon him, and cried, "Begone! you have neither the power to ransom me." Then turning her eyes towards the two earls, she added, "I know that you English will put me to death, and imagine that after I am dead you will conquer France: but, though there were an hundred thousand *G—d dam'mees* more in France than there are, they will never conquer the kingdom."

It would further appear, that this opprobrious custom was not entirely a vice of the camp, for (says an industrious inquirer into manners of the old English) a contemporary historian, who had frequently conversed with Henry VI., mentions it, as a *very remarkable and extraordinary peculiarity in the character of that prince*, "that he did not swear in common conversation; but reproved his ministers and officers of state, when he heard them swearing."

The author of this work is a thorough-paced Jacobite; and, in his anxiety to give Charles credit for virtues he never possessed, he blackens the character of Cromwell with charges and insinuations which he must know are groundless. In attributing to his favourite, Charles, coarse epithets and superstition, he degrades him as a gentleman, and renders him ridiculous. Take, for instance, the following scene between the king, the prince, and Buckingham:—

"It is said, your majesty, that Cromwell dreaded to be alone," observed Prince Henry.

"Yes, Hal, and dreaded to be abroad, too, or his daring courage was defamed; the ambitious traitor might be likened to the regicide Macbeth. I wonder if he had nerve enough to read that wondrous play; but no," rejoined his majesty, "these puritans read not such impious writings, though they have, in their evil career, furnished forth abundant matter wherefrom succeeding playwrights may take models of iniquity. Yes! and draw from true history new acts of surpass-

ing terror. What a tragedy is that just past for future times!"

"Truly so, my honoured sire," replied Buckingham, who would have diverted the king from so painful a subject; "but with this especial difference, your majesty, that, contrary to dramatic rule, it hath pleased the benignant star that presided at your royal birth, to wind up this real drama in peace, in loyalty, in universal joy and gladness; and I humbly prognosticate that your loving subjects will pray that the last act may continue and endure far longer than the first."

"Well said, good seer: may you be a true prophet, Buckingham!" returned the king. "I am not given to superstition; yet am I free to own, that that phenomenon has sometimes wrought upon my imagination. It was thought by many, and even by our enlightened father (turning to his royal brothers), as it affected the heir apparent—portentous. Indeed, it is a circumstance that, if not well attested, putting the question of my birth aside, I should not have credited; but the king, and his grace your father, Buckingham, and a thousand others, men whose testimony it were not becoming to doubt, witnessed its appearance."

"It was strange, sire," said Ormond, "and with the old Romans would have been considered portentous indeed!—a theme for the speculations of the augurs."

"Or for those cunning seers who pretend to have been in the secrets of fate touching the fortunes of the usurper. But the sun of the glory of that house is set; and yet how soon are we seated here, in what was but so late the miscreant's mock regal palace. 'Tis strange! Why, sirs, I have been told this very man did dream—nay, that it was past a dream—did see, being fast awake, a mighty form—a mysterious figure—and that this gigantic apparition did open the curtains of his bed, and tell him that he should become the greatest person of the three kingdoms."

"And when, and where, your majesty, did this occur?" inquired Prince Henry, seemingly appalled at the recital.

"Whilst yet a froward boy at the grammar-school at Huntingdon. But why so pale, my dear Harry?—night watching suits you not, my Prince Harry."

"Your relation makes my blood run cold," replied the prince.

"Yes! the renegado used to relate this story in the plenitude of his glory. Doubtless it was the devil himself who appeared to the traitor."

"The spectre did not say that he should be king, then, your majesty?" observed the Duke of York.

"No," replied the king; "the prediction was true to the letter, as it should seem; and so possessed with the notion was the juvenile traitor, that neither the admonitions of his father, nor the chastisements of Doctor Beard, the master of the school, could curb that early spirit of audacity which marked his career in manhood: he persisted in relating the extraordinary apparition."

"Until he believed in the reality of this chimera—this creation of his own heated brain," said Buckingham; "surely, your

majesty, with becoming deference, and do you, who are superior to all superstitious notions, really lend your belief to this specious tale—this imposition of the wily hypocrite—the notorious impostor?"

These extracts will show the style of the work: that many of the scenes are highly dramatic must be allowed, and that they describe the events of the period to which they relate we have no doubt. If, however, the author intends to follow up his design of giving more volumes on other subjects, we advise him 'to swear not at all;' since it is a habit at once profane and ungentlemanly even in discourse, and in a book it is revolting.

The Little Lexicon or Multum in Parvo of the English Language; containing upwards of Two Thousand Words, with their Definitions, more than are to be found in the usual Abridgments of Dr. Johnson's Dictionary. To which is added, a Table of Terms and Phrases, from the French, Italian, and Spanish Languages. London, 1825. Cole.

WHAT would the great lexicographer have said, if any person had proposed to give, not only the spirit of his bulky folio, but some thousand additional words, in a book about an inch and a half square!—Yet such is really the case in this unique little volume. It contains definitions of, we believe, nearly thirty thousand words, being two thousand more than the usual abridgment of Johnson's Dictionary; it is neatly and correctly printed, with a clear and distinct type, and is altogether admirably got up. To a traveller, to whom space and weight are objects, we recommend this Little Lexicon; and, if some of the yokels who come to town were to put it in their pockets, they might avoid being swindled out of money by bets about the word *unfortunate*, which is no uncommon occurrence of life in London.

FOREIGN LITERATURE.

Handbibliothek der Deutschen Literatur, &c
J. H. Bohte. London, 1825.

BOOKSELLERS' catalogues lie so completely without the province of criticism, that we ought to offer some apology perhaps for taking up one; we trust, however, that we shall be excused for deviating so much from all precedent, if we say a few words on the subject of that now before us (forming the first part of a Catalogue Raisonné of German works, prepared by the late Mr. Bohte, of York Street, Covent Garden, and published by his widow), both on account of the singularity of its containing a preface written by no less eminent a German scholar than Professor Schlegel, and as it will afford us an opportunity of making a remark or two on the progress of German literature in this country. M. Schlegel has here furnished a rapid sketch of the literature of Germany and what his countrymen have achieved in the principal departments of philosophy and science, and thus shows the claims it has to the attention of the rest of Europe:—

That, with reference to the abundance of

distinguished works in the department of literature, properly so called, we cannot yet vie with several other nations, ought neither to be a matter of astonishment, nor to be made a subject of reproach. Nature deals out the gifts of genius, at one time sparingly, and more liberally at another, but never lavishly; and a considerable period must elapse before mental treasures of a varied character can be extensively accumulated. Yet, within the above-mentioned period of between seventy and eighty years, a great activity and productiveness have been displayed; new and striking phenomena have closely followed each other; and we have only to mention the names of Klopstock, Lessing, Winkelmann, Wieland, Bürger, Goethe, Johannes Müller, Herder, Schiller (to say nothing of our younger contemporaries), to establish our claims to European recognition.

If, however, to those whose inducement to acquire a foreign language is merely the gratification of their imagination and taste, and the extension of their circle of animated entertainment, our literature were to present fewer attractions than that of some of our neighbours, we can, on the other hand, assure the philosopher, the scholar, the scientific inquirer, that each will find himself richly rewarded for the labour, by no means light, which an intimate acquaintance with our language will demand from him. We not only possess a great number of useful and convenient works, in which all that has hitherto been done in every department of knowledge, in every country and age, is diligently collected, arranged, and solidly applied; but the acuteness and the profundity of German thinkers have displayed themselves effectively in every direction. Much that was received as true, merely because, from respect for antiquity, it had never been questioned, has, on a fresh investigation, assumed quite a new form; and there prevails with us an impartiality and comprehensiveness in the mode of conducting an inquiry, and a peculiarity in the manner of viewing a question, to which, from various causes, other nations, however intellectual in other respects, are necessarily strangers.

Hitherto our acquaintance with continental literature has been almost exclusively confined to that of France and Italy; for even the literary productions of Spain, to leave Portugal entirely out of the question, were, with one or two exceptions, little, if at all, known in this country. At the time that the Germans were translating our principal writers, and while they were familiar with the names and productions of our Fielding and Sterne, we barely knew that there was a language called High Dutch, which we conceived, without knowing why, must be the most barbarous and uncouth of all the European idioms; we had heard of dull voluminous German commentators, and supposed that Germany never had and never could produce any other literati. At length the names of Klopstock, Gesner, Goethe, Lessing, Zimmermann, and Schiller reached us, and we judged of German literature from translations of the *Messiah*, Werter, the *Robbers*, Kotzebue's plays, and such pro-

ductions as Rinaldo Rinaldi, and trashy and extravagant novels and tales of wonder and necromancy; nor was the manner in which these translations were executed, if we except those by Sotheby, Coleridge, and Taylor, at all adapted to convey either an adequate idea of the originals, or to make a favourable impression on the English reader. Within the few last years the study of the German language, and its literature, has received a considerable impulse; but much still remains to be done before the latter can be duly appreciated among us. The difficulty, too, of procuring German publications was, for a long time, a serious obstacle to those who wished to obtain a competent acquaintance with the intellectual treasures of our German neighbours. To the removal of this obstacle the late Mr. Bohle contributed in no small degree, by his spirited speculations and extensive importations, not only of the more popular works of the day, but of a rich collection in every department of literature. What he performed in this respect his former catalogues show, but more especially the present one, which, ample as it is, is confined to the heads of philology, archæology, bibliography, theology, jurisprudence, medicine, and philosophy. It may indeed be regarded as a most excellent guide in the formation of a German library, and the copious extracts with which it is enriched, both from foreign and English journals, render it worthy of a permanent place on the shelves of a book-collector.

ORIGINAL.

CORONATION OF CHARLES X. OF FRANCE.

For the Literary Chronicle.

Rheims, Sunday, May 29, 1825.

It is impossible for the imagination to conceive a more magnificent spectacle than the cathedral of Rheims presented this morning: the decorations were costly and elegant in the highest degree, and the arrangement of the galleries, draperies, seats, &c. reflects the utmost credit on the directors. So early as three o'clock, the anxious visitors were in motion; by four all the doors were crowded, though only announced to be opened at six; at seven, the ceremonies began by a procession of priests to the altar, carrying the sacred emblems (which are of massive gold, of exquisite workmanship), before the bishops, in scarlet robes, covered with lace; the music, as they walked slowly up the church, was extremely fine; the archbishop followed, preceded by the master of the ceremonies, then returned in full pontificals, accompanied by the bishops, and took their seats before the altar. At half-past seven, the Dauphine, Duchesses of Berri, d'Orleans, and ladies of the court, took their seats in the royal gallery; soon after, the Dauphin and Ducs d'Orleans and Bourbon appeared, in magnificent costume, their trains borne, and placed themselves on the seats nearest the king's, which was in the centre of the cross of the cathedral, on a carpet of purple velvet, superbly embroidered and fringed with gold, and directly under a magnificent canopy of the same materials drawn up by cords to a height of sixty

feet. At eight precisely, the king walked up the church, between two cardinals, sent to escort him from the palace, along a beautiful platform erected for the purpose from thence to the grand entrance of the cathedral, and most richly carpeted and ornamented. He was dressed in a white silk robe-de-chambre, and velvet cap and feathers, with only a single bandeau of diamonds, and preceded and followed by twelve pages in uniform, lords in waiting, ambassadors, and masters of ceremonies, 1st, 2nd, and 3d. When the mass was concluded, the archbishop proceeded to the benediction of the royal ornaments; the king's robe-de-chambre was then taken off, under which appeared a suit of crimson and gold; he fell on his knees before the altar, and the archbishop, placing the sword in his right hand, pronounced the benediction: this was affecting and solemn to a degree. On rising from his knees, and being again seated, a book was presented to him containing the oaths, which he read with a firm and audible voice. The music then accompanied the priests and bishops in chanting a hymn, four cushions being first disposed of in such a manner that the king and archbishop were prostrate on them during the time; after which, the king remaining on his knees, the archbishop seated himself before him, and, holding the golden vessel of holy oil, he proceeded to anoint him, first, on the summit of the head, in form of the cross, then on the chest, between the two shoulders, on the right shoulder, on the left shoulder, at the joint of the right arm, at the joint of the left arm, through openings left for the purpose in his robe and chemise, the musicians all the time chanting, 'Sadoe the priest, and Nathan the prophet, anointed Solomon king in Sion, crying with joy, may the king live for ever.' The archbishop, still sitting, with his mitre on, before the king, assisted the bishops in covering him with another more magnificent dress, then anointed the palms of each of his hands, and pronounced a prayer over him; the king still kneeling, the archbishop pronounced the benediction on his gloves and signet separately, then took the sceptre from the altar, and, blessing it, in like manner, placed it in his right hand, pronouncing, at the same time, 'Receive this sceptre, which is the mark of royal power,' &c.; then taking the emblem called the hand of justice, he placed it in the king's left hand, pronouncing, in like manner, 'Receive this sceptre of virtue and equity,' &c.

The crown of Charlemagne was next presented to the archbishop, who held it over the king's head, assisted by the three princes of the blood, forming a cross round his person. The prayer being pronounced, 'May God crown you with the crown of glory,' &c. it was placed on his head, and held there till the benediction was completed. A burst of music and cries of *Vive le Roi*, within the cathedral, announced the event, and without, discharges of cannon and musketry. At this moment a quantity of birds were seen flying about the roof, in sign of liberty to the captive. The scene altogether was at that moment affecting and impressive to the last degree. The king bowed most graciously to

the spectators, and the procession moved towards the throne, his majesty's train borne by five peers in mantles, only exceeded in magnificence by that of their royal master. Being seated, the throne raised forty steps at least, and on a level with the galleries, the ecclesiastics returned to the altar, where a mass for the occasion was performed, which being finished, they went again to the throne, from whence his majesty descended, and received the communion, which was administered by the archbishop; the king all the time on his knees before the steps of the altar, and a superb cloth, of white silk and silver, held before him, as high as his neck, by the dauphin, Duke d'Orleans, and two bishops; the music of this part of the ceremony was exquisitely soft, rich, solemn, and well performed, and admirably adapted to the scene. When the sacrament was finished, the crown of Charlemagne having been previously taken off the king's head, it was replaced by his own, which is a masterpiece of splendour and magnificence, and he slowly proceeded to leave the church, amidst the acclamations of the spectators. About twelve o'clock, all the ceremonies were finished; and for eight days the cathedral is ordered to remain in its present state, to gratify the curiosity of the public: it is scarcely possible to convey a just idea of its splendour. The *coup d'œil* is most magnificent, presenting the whole length of the interior, from the throne to the altar; the floor entirely covered with the richest carpets, the seats on each side with crimson velvet and fringes and tassels of gold, the pillars covered with emblematical paintings, the interstices filled up with seats, which form the tribunes or gallery, all hung with the most superb draperies of velvet and gold, and lined with crimson damask: above these draperies, at the top of each arch, are paintings of the whole line of monarchs, from Clovis; higher up, emblematical figures, representing all the towns in the diocese, as Soissons, Peronne, Chateau-Thierry, Rheims, &c. &c. with their particular branches of commerce, all beautifully executed. Above these are the painted windows, additionally ornamented with gilding, &c. between and finished by the roof, which is grained, and covered with light-blue cloth, and embroidered with stars and fleurs-de-lis of silver.

The whole was illuminated by thousands of wax lights in superb chandeliers, whose glittering splendour rivalled the suits of diamonds displayed by the princesses and ladies, and who were placed, consistently with French politeness, on the front seats in the galleries; the peers, deputies, officers, and courtiers, having places allotted them below. The display of jewels, feathers, and other appendages to female beauty, added much to the imposing effect of so much exquisite workmanship, and presented a *tout ensemble* of which it is scarcely possible to form a just idea. In the evening the town was illuminated; and to-morrow a chapter of the Order of the Holy Ghost is to be held in the cathedral—the king will preside as grand master, and the music is to be *tout ce qu'il y a de plus beau*. On Tuesday his majesty will review

all the troops here; and on Wednesday he leaves for Paris, where preparations are made on the grandest scale for his public entry, and the fêtes afterwards.

DRAMATIC ENTERTAINMENTS DEFENDED.

To the Editor of the Literary Chronicle.

'To wake the soul by tender strokes of art,
To raise the genius, and to mend the heart,
To make mankind in conscious virtue bold,—

For this the tragic Muse first trod the stage.
Pope's Prologue to Cato.

MR. EDITOR,—In my novitiate on this 'great stage of fools,' it was my good or ill hap to imbibe a fondness for dramatic amusements, bordering on the romantic. To me the sphere of the theatre seemed an ideal world of splendid enchantment, where the mind and imagination might luxuriate harmless and uncontrolled; these, I admit, were the delicious dreams of too sanguine boyhood; nevertheless, a similar feeling must be possessed by all who wish to enter into the full spirit and fancy of the spell-like witcheries of Melpomene and Thalia. At this period,—

'When all was sunshine
Gaily bedecked with fancy's imagery,'

I was eager to mingle with a species of beings whose desires for these amusements were equally ardent with my own; but, on my friends' discovering my fondness for the society of these heroes, whose 'aspirings and aims' so agreeably coincided with my own, their anxiety became aroused, to lessen my attachment for these mummeries, as they termed these recreations. My own imagination had not so fondly revelled in picturing the delights of the drama, as my friends now racked theirs to describe to me the frightful consequences attending the taking too great pleasure therein. Bunyan's description of the Valley of the Shadow of Death was not more fearful to the young imagination than my friends' description of the 'hot-bed of vice,' as they called the theatre and its precincts; but, as I do not wish to fill with terror the minds of your readers, I will forbear naming where I was told all its votaries might, in progress of time, look forward to be consigned. Yet, alas! what availed their salutary admonitions, whilst even the bare sight of the green curtain, suspended in the front of this same hot-bed, and the merry countenances of the gaily-dressed rows of individuals, awaiting, in breathless expectation, for the sound of the three-times tinkling bell, could shake to the foundation, and steep in lethe, all their 'sage grave counsel.' But, Mr. Editor, do not suppose me treating this subject ironically, or with undue levity, as, in truth, I am not; and, therefore, to avoid giving cause for such an idea, I will, with all 'sober sadness,' proceed to give you my matured sentiments on the very general existing prejudice against permitting young people either to imbibe a taste for the drama or to indulge in theatrical recreations.

I think, the prematurely checking a moderate indulgence of these incipient longings does not, in this, as it may perhaps in less inveterate cases, nip the evil in the

bud; but, on the contrary, defeats its own object, by promoting their growth and strengthening the desire for stage captivations, as curiosity is the more strongly excited, the more assiduously we repress it. I will confess, however, that it is difficult for one, fascinated by dramatic allurements, to draw the right line between the conflicting opinions of the fascinators and abominators of this species of amusement, as I myself experienced much incertitude in my younger days, whether I was not in danger of adopting the whisperings of inclination for the mature reflection of a sound judgment: I am, notwithstanding all this, decidedly in favour of the encouragement of stage amusements, as I think their exhibition more productive of good than obnoxious to the growth of evil; and these are a few of my reasons for being so: firstly, because the province of the stage is 'to hold the mirror up to nature, to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time, its form and pressure.' Now, if this be true—and who is there will doubt the authority of our immortal bard?—why should we fear to look at this mirror? Is it because its surface may be sullied with the stains of human frailty?—Still it is necessary for us to behold the shadings of the emblem of our nature, that we may steer clear of the destructive passions, which the stage exhibits for our detestation; and because it is on the stage alone that we can see cause and effect faithfully developed in colours not so repulsive as to shock our nature, but sufficiently strong to teach us the necessity of avoiding evil and seeking good, without learning these wholesome and necessary principles in that school of repentance—woeful experience.

If such be the tendency and end of the legitimate drama, how may our morals become corrupted, or our feelings debased, by its exhibition? On the contrary, the stage is the vehicle of the highest intellectual entertainment, when we see example and precept go hand in hand, instruction mingled with recreation, and the minds of the auditors made familiar with the noblest sentiments and lessons of eagle-eyed honour and patriotism,—where vice is disrobed of her speciousness, and, as a necessary consequence, held up to our abhorrence, and virtue arrayed in her native loveliness; in a word, where the mingled good and evil passions of human nature are traced to their sources and exhibited in their consequences.

Again, the salutary effects which have been produced by the representation of many of our acting plays prove that some good is effected through their medium; the tragedy of George Barnwell is one of these. Ross, the first performer of the principal character in that play, it is pretty generally known, received, for many years, an annual douceur from an unknown hand, in grateful remembrance of having been rescued from ruin, in consequence of the impression Ross's performance of that character produced on the donor. The comedy of the Hypocrite was also instrumental in exposing to the public, with the greatest effect, the masked vice, cant, and fraud of an enthusiastic sect, which,

at the present day, is increasing and swarming, like the Puritans of former years; and the tragedy of Cato, I think, need only be named to be admired:—

'What bosom beats not in his country's cause' whilst witnessing this sublime tragedy. I shall conclude these instances with the lines of our Shakspeare, who tells us,—

'That guilty creatures, sitting at a play,
Have, by the very cunning of the scene
Been struck so to the soul, that presently
They have proclaim'd their malefactions.'

Much more might be said in favour of this subject, which, perhaps, has, from recent events, fallen into greater disrepute than ever: whether deservedly so or not, it is not my intention now to discuss; but, before I conclude, I beg to answer one point, which has, with some ingenuity, been urged in prejudice of plays: it is the danger of associating with the very mixed company generally found within the circle of a theatre. Now, I believe, it will be allowed that the majority of an English audience comprises not the vile, the low, or the worthless, but the wealthy, and, indeed, the most respectable portion of our 'tight little island'; the higher orders, or, as we emphatically call them, 'the great,' are not at present such liberal encouragers of the drama as formerly. Music and the fine arts, which have become more generally cultivated and brought to perfection of late years, chiefly engage the patronage of the 'beau monde,' and their seats being oftener vacated at the theatre, they leave room for our gentry and respectable commercial part of the community; and, as they now form the most numerous part of the audience of an English theatre, we must either condemn the taste, morality, and judgment of this respectable portion of the people; or consider this point as fully answered. It is true there are other places of public resort, besides the theatre, affording much rational and instructive amusement, but none, I think, so accessible and so cheaply obtained as the enjoyment of a playful elegant comedy, or the sublimity of a fine moral tragedy: the other species of amusements are generally of a lower or more expensive kind, and such as are accessible to, and can be enjoyed by, the wealthy and liberally-educated class of people only, who have acquired a refined taste and a well-stocked purse, that enable them to indulge in visiting academies, exhibitions, conversations, and musical concerts. To conclude, the chief cause of the present strong prejudice to the pleasures of the drama may be ascribed to a want of a correct knowledge of its real beauties and tendencies, or to an ill-grounded prejudice imbibed in early youth, that prevents the attainment of an unbiassed acquaintance with either the one or the other. J. W.

SOCIETY FOR THE ENCOURAGEMENT OF ARTS, MANUFACTURES, AND COMMERCE.

The annual distribution of the prizes of this society took place on Monday last, at the King's Theatre. The house was thronged, in the boxes, pit, and gallery, with an elegant and fashionable company, of whom by far the greater proportion was ladies. The stage was furnished with seats, for the members of

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the council and the more distinguished patrons of the arts; and the successful candidates, including about fifty ladies, occupied an amphitheatre at the back, thus presenting a *coup d'oeil* of uncommon brilliancy.

Mr. Aikin, the secretary, read a judicious report, on the objects and condition of the society, from which it appears that their numbers and resources are rapidly increasing, and in which he vindicated them from the objection that some urge against the distributing their rewards so freely, on the ground that the facility of procuring honours at the hands of the society, detracts from the value they ought to possess. The secretary observed that there were many grades of merit, and that very high and scarce honours could only be justly awarded to the highest talent and perfection; but that very great advantages resulted from the society's watching the early progress of young and enterprising individuals, and stimulating their exertions by rewards suitable to their relative merits, or the difficulties they had surmounted.

His Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex presided. On distributing the prizes, he addressed some suitable observations to most of the candidates, with great urbanity and kindness; and where, as was the case with many, working mechanics or labourers were presented with medals or gratuities, his royal highness never failed to direct the particular attention of the company to them. There were many foreigners present, among whom were the Canadian chiefs, who excited much attention.

The following is a list of the Rewards adjudged by the society, and presented to the respective candidates by his Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex:—

IN AGRICULTURE AND RURAL ECONOMY.

1, R. Creyke, jun. Esq. Rawcliffe-house, near Thorne, Yorkshire—warping 429 acres of peat by an improved method; large gold medal.

2, Colonel J. Wilson, Sneaton-castle, near Whitby—planting 174 acres with forest trees; large gold medal.

3, Messrs. Cowley and Staines, Winslow, Bucks—raising seed from the American grass used in making fine plat; 20 guas.

4, Wm. Salisbury, Barossa-pl. Brompton—communication respecting the material employed in Tuscany for fine plat; silver Ceres medal.

5, G. Whitworth, Esq. Acre-house, Lincolnshire—improved perennial rye grass; silver Ceres medal.

IN CHEMISTRY.

6, J. Roberts, St. Helen's, Lancashire—apparatus to enable persons to breathe in air loaded with smoke and other suffocating vapours; large silver medal and 50 guas.

7, H. Moore, Green-hill, Derby—etching and cleaning alabaster; large silver medal.

8, L. Anstey, 27, Drummond-crescent, Somerset-town—improved melting pots for iron and brass-founders; silver Vulcan medal and 20 guas.

9, W. Sturgeon, 9, Artillery-pl. Woolwich—improved electro-magnetic apparatus; large silver medal and 30 guas.

IN MECHANICS.

10, W. Friend, Earl-street, Finsbury—secret lock; 10 guas.

11, J. P. Hubbard, 130, Leadenhall-street—folding chair; silver Vulcan medal.

12, C. W. Williamson, New-st. Kennington—cross—improved smoothing plane; 10 guas.

13, T. Griffiths, Royal Institution—expanding wedge for sawyers; silver Vulcan medal.

14, D. Matthews, Basinghall-street—improved mode of barrowing out soil; silver Vulcan medal.

15, E. Pechey, Bury St. Edmonds—pump for raising water; 5 guas.

16, T. Cluley, Sheffield—lithotomy forceps; gold Vulcan medal.

17, W. Brockedon, Esq. Caroline-street, Bedford-square—mechanical apparatus to assist a weak knee-joint; large silver medal.

18, J. Aitkin, 55, St. John-street, Smithfield—improved quarter clock; 20 guas.

19, W. Hardy, Wood-street, Spa-fields—instrument to ascertain very small intervals of time; gold Vulcan medal.

20, T. Dickinson, Esq. Captain R. N. Purbrook-heath, near Portsmouth—mode of applying percussion-powder to the discharge of ship's guns; gold Vulcan medal.

21, J. Cow, Royal Dock Yard, Woolwich—improved mode of conveying anchors and cannon by means of a ship's launch; gold Vulcan medal.

22, A. Ainger, Esq. Everett-street, Brunswick-square—centering for arches of wide span; gold Vulcan medal.

23, C. Sockl, 17, Rowal-row, Lambeth—valve for steam-boilers; large silver medal and 10 guas.

24, C. Shakespear, Esq. Postmaster-general, Calcutta—portable rope bridge; gold Vulcan medal.

IN MANUFACTURES.

25, R. Jones, master of St. George's work-house, Little Chelsea—cloth made of New Zealand flax; silver Ceres medal and 5 guas.

For Bonnets of British materials in imitation of Leghorn.

26, J. Cobbin, Bury St. Edmonds; 14 guas.

27, Mrs. Syrett, Bury St. Edmonds; £10.

28, Mrs. Venn, Hadleigh, Suffolk; 9 guas.

29, Anne Venn, Hadleigh, Suffolk; 3 guas.

30, Mr J. Long, Barham House of Industry; silver Ceres medal.

31, Children of the school at Adbury, Berks; 5 guas.

32, Lucy Hollowell, Banbury; 5 guas.

33, Mary Marshall, Bandon, near Cork; 2 guas.

34, The children of the school at Bandon; 3 guas.

35, Sophia Dyer, West Meon, near Alton; 2 guas.

36, Anne Dyer, ditto; 2 guas.

37, Maria Pain, Boxted, near Bury St. Edmonds; 2 guas.

38, Mrs. Morrice, Great Brickhill, Bucks; silver Ceres medal.

39, Mrs. Launey, Exeter; silver Ceres medal.

IN COLONIES AND TRADE.

40, J. Mackay, Esq. Picton, Nova Scotia—instrument for uprooting trees; gold Ceres medal.

41, Messrs. Petchey and Wood, Van Diemens Land—making and importing five tons of extract of Mimosa bark for the use of tanners; gold Ceres medal.

42, M. Le Cadre, Trinidad—plantations of clove-trees in the colony of Trinidad; 50 guas.

IN POLITE ARTS.—HONORARY CLASS.

Copies in Chalk, Pencil, or Indian Ink.

43, Miss Cockburn, St. John's Wood, Regent's-park—pencil drawing of an historical subject; large silver medal.

44, J. B. Sedgwick, 20, Fleet-street—pencil drawing of a landscape; silver Isis medal.

45, T. Wilkinson, 2, James-street, Adelphi—pencil drawing of a landscape; silver palette.

46, Miss A. Hoare, 9, Great Cumberland-st.—chalk drawing of a head; silver Isis medal.

47, Miss S. Field, Grove-lodge, Lower Tooting—chalk drawing of a figure; silver palette.

48, Miss Sale, 10, Westminster-bridge-road—chalk drawing of a head; the silver palette.

49, Miss H. Tufnell, Bath—pencil drawing of a landscape; silver palette.

50, Miss A. Millot, 17, Sloane-street—chalk drawing of an historical subject; large silver medal.

51, Miss M. Smith, 17, Norfolk-street, Strand—chalk drawing of a head; silver palette.

52, Miss L. H. Fox, London-house, Hackney—crayon drawing of figures; large silver medal.

53, J. Bizot, Down-street, Piccadilly—chalk drawing of a head; silver palette.

54, F. R. Ridgard, Euston-square—chalk drawing of a figure; silver palette.

Drawings from Busts.

55, Miss D. Lawrence, 357, Oxford-street—finished drawing in chalk from a bust; large silver medal.

56, Miss H. Salmon, 86, Piccadilly—finished drawing in chalk from a bust; silver Isis medal.

Copies in Water Colours.

57, Miss J. S. Guy, 3, Bartlett's-place—landscape; large silver medal.

58, Miss Waters, Clapton-square—portrait in miniature; silver Isis medal.

59, Miss H. H. Morton, 4, Jeffries-square, Camden-town—group of flowers; large silver medal.

60, Miss Clarke, 22, Charter-house-square—group of flowers; silver Isis medal.

61, Miss E. Hargrave, Greenwich—group of flowers; silver palette.

Original in Water Colours.

62, Mrs. Carbonnier, 64, George-st Portman-square—portrait in miniature; large silver medal.

63, Miss A. A. Bond, 20, York-pl. Kentish-town—group of flowers; large silver medal.

64, W. Downer, 4, Brewer-street, Woolwich—group of flowers; silver Isis medal.

Copy in Oil.

65, Miss E. Evans, Craven-street, Kentish Town—landscape; silver Isis medal.

Original in Oil.

66, J. P. André, jun. 5, York-place, City-road—group of flowers; silver Isis medal.

67, Miss Manning, the Priory, near Leatherhead—portrait of a lady; large silver medal.

68, Miss E. Ainslie, Kentish-town—composition in still life; gold Isis medal.

69, G. Hilditch, 13, Ludgate-street—composition of fish from nature; large silver medal.

ARTISTS' CLASS.

Copies in Chalk, Pencil, or Indian Ink.

70, D. Pasmore, 6, Salisbury-sq. Fleet-st.—historical drawing in pencil; silver Isis medal.

71, T. Percy, 42, Cleveland-street, Fitzroy-square—drawing in Indian ink of a landscape; silver palette.

72, E. G. Papworth, 10, Caroline-street, Bedford-square—drawing in pencil of animals; silver Isis medal.

73, Miss Alderson, 4, Bridge-row, Pimlico—drawing in chalk of a head; silver palette.

74, Miss M. E. Friend, Clarke's-terrace, Cannon-street-road—drawing in pencil of animals; silver palette.

75, Miss Liddle, 19, Whitelion-street, Good-

man's-fields—drawing in chalk of a head; silver Isis medal.

Original in Chalk, Pencil, or Indian Ink.

76, S. Lines, jun. Birmingham—drawing in pencil of a landscape; large silver medal.

77, E. W. Webb, Tamworth—pencil drawing of animals; silver Isis medal.

78, Miss C. E. Walker, Blyth Hall, Bawtry—pencil drawing of a landscape; large silver medal.

Drawings and Paintings from Statues & Busts.

79, H. T. Wright, 52, Great Titchfield-street—outline of an entire figure; large silver medal.

80, R. W. Warren, Brewer-street, Woolwich—finished drawing of an entire figure; large silver medal.

81, L. B. Adams, 5, Basinghall-st.—finished drawing of an entire figure; silver palette.

82, B. R. Green, 27½, Argyll-street—outline of an anatomical figure; large silver medal.

83, W. Christie, Queen's-buildings, Brompton—drawing in chalk from a bust; silver Isis medal.

84, S. C. Smith, 11, Margaret-street, Bagnigge-wells—painting in oil from a bust; silver Isis medal.

Copies in Water Colours.

85, J. Kennedy—drawing of an historical subject; large silver medal.

86, G. Brown, 6, Argyll-street—drawing of an historical subject; silver Isis medal.

87, C. R. Bone, 47, Charlotte-st. Portland-pl.—portrait in miniature; large silver medal.

88, Miss L. J. Green, 27½, Argyll-street—portrait in miniature; silver Isis medal.

Originals in Water Colours.

89, Miss E. Fearnley, 6, Mecklenburg-square—group of flowers; silver Isis medal.

90, Miss E. Tomkins, 53, New Bond-street—composition of flowers; large silver medal.

Copy in Oil.

91, W. A. Hastings, 8, Alfred-place, Bedford-sq.—painting of shipping; silver Isis medal.

Originals in Oil.

92, E. Williams, 6, Charlotte-st. Bloomsbury—historical composition; large gold medal.

93, A. R. Venables, 6, Charlotte-st. Bloomsbury—portrait of himself; silver Isis medal.

94, R. E. Holst, 14, Howland-street—portrait of a lady; silver palette.

95, E. Fancourt, 31, Hoxton-square—portrait of himself; large silver medal.

96, Miss Kearsley, 12, Rathbone-place—portrait of a lady; silver palette.

97, J. St. John Long, 20, York-street, Portman-square—landscape composition; large silver medal.

98, R. A. Clarke, 3, Clarendon-square—landscape composition; silver Isis medal.

99, H. H. Lines, Birmingham—landscape from nature; silver Isis medal.

Models.

100, T. Hughes, 59, Long-acre—copy of a bust from the antique; large silver medal.

101, C. Panormo, 91, Dean-street, Soho—copy in the round of an entire figure; large silver medal.

102, E. G. Physick, 16, Park terrace, Regent's park—original model of a group; gold Isis medal.

103, Miss S. Bullock, 119, Sloane-square—bust from the life; large silver medal.

Architecture.

104, S. Burchell, 24, Red-lion square—drawing in perspective from a Corinthian capital; silver Isis medal.

105, S. Loat, 24, Edward-sq. Kensington—

original design in Greek architecture, comprising seven dwelling-houses; large silver medal.

106, D. Mocatta, 33, Russell-square—original design for a church in Doric architecture; silver Isis medal.

107, H. Bassett, 15, Norfolk-street, Strand—original design for a church in Doric architecture; gold medallion.

Lithography.

108, J. Baker, Sydenham-common—drawing of a Gothic screen to a church; large silv. med.

109, G. Tytler, 10, Villiers-street, Strand—drawing of the interior of King's College Chapel, Cambridge; silver Isis medal.

Medal Die and Gem Engraving.

110, W. Woodhouse, pupil to Mr. Halliday, Birmingham—two medal dies, copies, the one a head, the other an entire figure; silver Isis medal.

111, T. Warner, 182, Terrace, Tottenham-court-road—head in intaglio, a copy; large silver medal.

112, R. Clint, 5, Roll's-buildings—original intaglio of a head; gold Isis medal.

113, J. Wood, 20, Surrey-street, Strand—original design for the society's vignette; large silver medal.

114, Miss A. Miller, Dorset-street, Dublin—carving in ivory of heads and figures; gold Isis medal.

115, W. Savage, 11, Cowley-street, Westminster—block-printing in colours in imitation of drawings; large silver medal and 15 guas.

116, H. Attenburrow, student in surgery, 11, New Burlington-street—original coloured anatomical drawing; silver Isis medal.

117, J. R. Alcock, student in surgery, 11, New Burlington-street—original anatomical model in coloured wax; gold Isis medal.

The thanks of the society were voted to the following gentlemen, and their communications have been directed to be inserted in the next volume of the society's transactions.

Capt. T. M. Bagnoid, High-row, Knights-bridge, for his successful application of M. Appert's process to the preservation of time-juice.

The same gentleman and his brother, Capt. M. E. Bagnoid, of Bombay, for an account of the process employed at Bombay for making twisted gun-barrels and sword-blades, in imitation of those made at Damascus.

Mr. C. A. Deane, Charles street, Deptford, for his improved key for house doors.

Mr. James Clement, Prospect-place, Newington Butts, for his stand for drawing-boards of large area.

Mr. C. Varley, Thornhaugh-street, for his mode of copying screws.

Mr. Turrell, Clarendon-square, for his improved etching ground for engravers.

The thanks of the society were also voted to

M. Moreau, Soho-square, for his tabular view of British commerce.

Mr. J. H. Abraham, Sheffield, for his magnet for extracting particles of iron and steel from the eyes of workers in that metal.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FAREWELL TO MY HARP.

'Tis past!—sweet inspiration, like a dream
Of paradise, a sunny beam
Upon a bed of rosy flowers,
At morn and eve's enchanted hours,
Came o'er my soul, sooth'd ev'ry care,
And chased the demon of despair;
As from the monarch's troubled bosom fled

The will fiend, and his viewless wings out-
spread,

When o'er his lyre the youthful minstrel sung
His skilful hand, and warlike legends sung.
'Tis past for ever! Ne'er again

Must those rich dreams of light return!
Be dumb, my harp, nor wake the strain

That made my soul with rapture burn!
Silence for ever on thee rest,

For darkness dwells within my breast:
Sweet soother of a broken heart,

We must, alas! for ever part!

'Tis past!—those visions of delight,
Those cherished hopes of fame so bright,

Of days when misery should cease,
And all be happiness and peace;

When sorrow should no more intrude,
But laughing joy and friendship sweet

Look in upon my solitude,
And bless my calm retreat.—

'Tis past for ever!—Joy, farewell,
Together we must never dwell!

And folly 'tis with Fate to cope!
I cannot break her iron chain,

Nor banish from my heart this pain.
Then fare thee well, sweet Hope!

Thou soother of a broken heart,
For, alas, we must for ever part!

No friend have I to calm my grief,
No comforter to give relief:

Sweet friendship dead, and hope departed,
I sink, desponding, broken hearted!

Adieu, loved harp! let my last breath
Upon thy golden strings be heard;

O, let me, as I sink in death,
Like the snow-bosomed bird,

Warble my mournful elegy,
And softly fade in melody;

Then silence on thee rest for ever,
Thou harp of the luckless bard,—

We meet no more! then never, never
Again be thy sweet voice heard!

J. F. PENSIE.

TO WILLIAM MACREADY,

Written after seeing him in 'William Tell.'

Yes! I have heard the voice of liberty!
Her every tone of more than mortal power
Hath fallen upon my heart, like liquid flame,
And kindled it to madness of delight!—
Hath raised the stormy billows of my soul,
E'en till they lashed themselves to passiveness
By their own fervour. God! to hear such words
Of glorious meaning—such impassioned truths,
Hurl'd from thy heart—it was enough to make
The life-blood in man's veins grow torrent-like,
And burst its fragile bonds! Thou, William Tell!
Actor I will not call thee! from thee came
The wild outpourings of a passionate soul,
Bursting with wrongs, and burning to restore
Back to a trampled land her ancient rights:—
If these be called the force of art alone,
Nature herself must be theatrical,
And thou her favoured pupil!

Edmonton.

J. J. LEATHWICK.

TO MY LUTE.

FAREWELL, my lute—no more thy strings
To pleasure's tone I'll waken;
But hung, upon the mould'ring walls,
Thy chords are now forsaken.

My lute, my gentle lute, that oft
Has soothed me with its numbers;
Thy melody was soft and sweet
As visions in my slumbers.

In sorrow when I touched the strings,
Thy gentle voice hath spoken;

But, like the lone and desert heart,
Thy slender chords are broken.
Companion of my happier hours,
When love's soft spell had bound me;
The solace of my lonely heart,
When colder hearts were round me. H. R.

THE DRAMA, AND PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

THE benefits at Drury-Lane and Covent-Garden Theatres have been extremely well attended, and we see all the performers are endeavouring to present as attractive entertainments as they can select: that excellent actress, Miss Lacy, promises a good treat a few evenings hence, as does Miss F. H. Kelly, who will make her first appearance as Mrs. Oakley, in the *Jealous Wife*, and Annette in the *Maid and the Magpie*.

VAUXHALL GARDENS.—On Monday last, this delightful place of summer amusement opened; but, owing to the unfavourable state of the weather, the gardens were neither so numerous attended nor seen to such advantage as they would have been on a fine evening. The proprietors have not made much alteration in this fairy land, nor indeed was it necessary, since they present a great variety of entertainments, and every accommodation in the way of refreshment, at a reasonable price. In the musical department, besides our old favourites, Misses Tunstall and Witham, who have not lost any of their attractive powers, we have Miss Morell, who deservedly received that tribute of applause which we have elsewhere seen given her. Messrs. Taylor, Collyer, Robinson, Tinney, and Master Longhurst contributed greatly to the delight of the musical portion of the company. The band is ably conducted by Mr. Rooke. Several very pretty ballets have been got up under the superintendence of M. Hullin, Mr. B. Chichini, brother to Chichini, whose unfortunate death by drowning last season excited so much commiseration. He promises to equal his late brother. The rest of the *corps de ballet* was very respectable. The scenery in the Peasant Boy was very pretty. Several new cosmoramas were exhibited. The best at present is Melrose Abbey; but we are promised new ones, which may surpass it. The fantoccini is admirable. The ascent on the rope by Blackmore is as clever as ever. The fire-works by Southby were magnificent, and displayed much ingenuity in the variety of the devices in which they were exhibited.

LITERATURE AND SCIENCE,

In the press, a small volume, entitled 'A Summer's Ramble in the Highlands of Scotland,' giving an account of the towns, villages, and remarkable scenery in that romantic country, during a tour performed last summer.

M. Gambard, astronomer at Marseilles, discovered a new comet on the 19th of last month. It was not till the night of the 27th that the state of the atmosphere allowed it to be seen by the astronomers at Paris. It is near the star 'Gamma,' or Cassiope, invisible

to the naked eye, without tail or nucleus, having the form of a nebula, which is easily distinguished, notwithstanding the light of the moon.

A Brussels journal announces, that among the productions of industry which will be sent from Western Flanders to the exhibition at Haarlem, is a piece of cloth which has in its breadth four thousand two hundred threads, so fine that they cannot be discerned but by a magnifying glass. This piece was spun and woven by a brother and sister. There is also a spindle of thread, imperceptible through fineness, which is valued at four hundred Dutch florins per pound.

Mr. McCulloch has delivered two lectures at the London Coffee-House, on the subject of establishing a literary institution in London, for persons engaged in commercial and professional pursuits, to be called the City of London Institution. Its objects are, 1st. The delivery of lectures on the most interesting and important departments of science and literature, including polite literature, history, mathematics, the principles of trade and commerce, and the most instructive branches of natural and moral philosophy.—2nd. The delivery of lectures, and the formation of classes, for the attainment of the French, Latin, or any other language which the members may wish to learn.—3rd. The establishment of a library of reference and circulation, and also rooms for reading and conversation.—We wish well to the institution, but are by no means sanguine of its success.

Mr. Brougham has brought a bill into Parliament for the establishment of an university in London. The city of York would be a much better place.

The sixth quarterly meeting of the Mechanics' Institution was held on Wednesday evening, when the report of the general committee was read and confirmed. From this report, we learn that the institution is prosperous in its pecuniary concerns, having a balance of £1500. The library at present consists of upwards of one thousand four hundred volumes; the institution has increased in number, within the last quarter, by two hundred and thirty-nine members; and the total number of members regularly paying subscription is one thousand one hundred and eighty-five.—It also appeared that the following elementary schools had been opened gratuitously to the members:—Four schools for teaching the French language on Mr. Black's system; three arithmetical schools; one for instruction in drawing; and another for teaching mathematics.—Letters from the masters of the schools were read, speaking in the most favourable terms of the diligence and ability of the pupils.

Messrs. Addison, the globe-makers, are preparing a set of magnificent globes, thirty-six inches in diameter. As each will contain a surface of upwards of four thousand square inches, all the leading objects in both the celestial and terrestrial globes will appear very distinctly, the scale allowing five sixteenths of an inch to a degree. The globes, indeed, will be a complete atlas.

The valuable and extensive collection of coins and medals belonging to the late king, which his present majesty has with such magnificence given the public, along with the library, was on Saturday removed from Carlton House to the British Museum. This magnificent collection fills nearly one thousand five hundred drawers.

Balloon Ascent.—On Tuesday Mr. Graham made his twenty-first aerial excursion, from the gardens of the Montpellier Tavern, Waltham. He was accompanied on this occasion by the captain of a merchant vessel, whose desire to explore the regions of the air had been disappointed on a previous day. They had not proceeded far, however, when, owing to an insufficiency of gas, they were obliged to make a premature descent in the neighbourhood of Chelsea, where the gentleman alighted; and Mr. Graham once more ascended, and prosecuted the remainder of his voyage unaccompanied. He at length alighted at a short distance from Merton, Surrey, after a voyage of something more than an hour and a quarter.

A statement has been published of the revenue and expenditure of the province (not the United Provinces) of Buenos Ayres, by which it appears, that in 1824 the former amounted to 2,588,792, and the latter to 2,648,845 dollars. The deposits of the English loan and other balances in the Treasury amounted to 3,652,057. Against this amount were placed accounts of various kinds, amounting to 3,599,252.

The Attorney-General has brought in a bill to repeal that part of the Bubble Act which applies to joint-stock companies. The effect of the learned gentleman's proposition will be, to remove the absurd and monstrous penalties which stand in the way of those great commercial combinations which are the mainspring of all national wealth, and at the same time to protect the public by making every individual member of a joint company liable to the full amount of his property. Instead, too, of the infinite number of statutes (for every company requires a separate act), one statute will serve for all.

THE BEE,

OR, FACTS, FANCIES, AND RECOLLECTIONS.

THE religious tenets of Sir Godfrey Kneller, the great painter, were free; he once said to a low fellow, whom he overheard cursing himself, 'God d— you!'—No; God may d—the Duke of Marlborough, and perhaps Sir Godfrey Kneller; but do you think he will take the trouble of d—ing you?

Mademoiselle Deschamps, a courtesan in the reign of Louis XIV., was distinguished for her charms, and still more so for an extraordinary proof of patriotism. At a time when the public treasury was exhausted, Mademoiselle Deschamps sent all her plate to the mint. Louis XIV. boasted of this act of generous devotion to her country.

The Maréchale de Mirepoix died at Brussels, in 1791, at a very advanced age, but preserving her wit and gaiety to the last. The

day of her death, after she had received the sacrament, the physician told her, that he thought her a good deal better. She replied, "You tell me bad news: having packed up, I had rather go." She was sister of the Prince de Beauveau. The Prince de Ligne says, in one of his printed letters, 'She had that enchanting talent which supplies the means of pleasing everybody. You would have sworn that she had thought of nothing but you all her life.'

WEEKLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Day of the Month.	8 o'clock Morning.	1 o'clock Noon.	11 o'clock Night.	Barom. 1 o'clock Noon.	Weather.
May 27	46	55	45	29 81	Fair.
.... 28	47	54	44	.. 87	Showery.
.... 29	46	59	45	.. 95	Cloudy.
.... 30	25	57	44	30 16	Do.
.... 31	44	55	46	.. 40	Fair.
June 1	51	66	51	.. 37	Do.
.... 2	56	65	56	.. 04	Cloudy.

Works published since our last notice.—The Arabs, a tale, in four cantos, 5s.—College Recollection, 8vo. 6s.—Cromwell's Colchester, 2 vols. 1l. 12s.; royal, 2l. 12s.—Sermons by a Country Curate, 10s. 6d.—Good's Medicine, enlarged edition, 5 vols. 8vo. 3l. 15s.—Prout on Calculus, second edition, with plate, 12s.—Hall's Pentalogia Græca, with English notes, 10s.—Story of a Life, 2 vols. 18s.

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